Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Never in the history of the Massachusetts Agricultural College has there been so widespread an interest or so universal a discussion of the merits and demerits of this institution as at this very moment. Not a daily paper in the city of Boston but that finds itself entering into a discussion of this question, which the people of the Commonwealth in their innocence, supposed settled long since by the statute laws of the States.

But all at once, as by magic, a new force is started in the report of the previous Governor and Council of the Commonwealth, threatening destruction to an institution which was created after legislative debate and deliberation, and which has attained to such years and development of maturity that it no longer feels dependence upon State treasury or State patronage.

What does it all mean that all at once there should be this clamor from the right and the left—from the East and the West, that every newspaper in the Old Bay State feels itself in its prerogatives until it has taken a hand either pro or con upon the matter of the College?

What has the College done this year more or no other year that a city press should rally to its destruction? What development in 1879 more than in the previous years of its existence has there been made, that the Governor and Council and both branches of the Legislature should be called upon to help destroy that which it is claimed is so feeble that it has not of itself sufficient strength to exist?

Consider for a moment and you will be lost in your attempt to fathom this marvelous concentration of opposing and malignant forces.

For the first time in its whole history, in the year 1879, the Massachusetts Agricultural College was self-sustaining. Every other year, it has depended upon State appropriation or involved itself in debt, but in the year 1879 the income of the College from its invested funds, and its term fees of students was sufficient to pay its bills and meet its obligations.

In 1879 the College had a larger number of students than it ever had before—showing increased interest on the part of the people and a growing popularity on the part of the College.

In 1879 the number of students in the Massachusetts Agricultural College outnumbered all the students of the other Agricultural Colleges in the United States, leaving out the Agricultural College of the State of Michigan.

The growth of the College has been steady and constant since its first organization and never have its Board of Trustees been more thoroughly satisfied with its usefulness or more sanguine of future prosperity than at this present writing.

And yet there comes this outcry for destruction either by an act of the Legislature establishing the college as a feature of some other already existing college, or by refunding to the General Government and the town of Amherst the money appropriated for the founding of the college.

Had this spasmodic frenzy seized the press and the Legislature one year ago, when the college was in debt and asking for help, it might not have been a surprise; but now that a year of economical labor has fully demonstrated its capacity to take care of itself, independent of the Treasury of the State and Legislative interference, it may well be asked what does all this mean?

The hidden sources of public action are not easily fathomed; but it may be assumed that now for the first time, some stronger and older organization has discovered that there is a growing demand for agricultural education, and that now this institution might be annexed and become a powerful and able support.

If this is not the occasion of this great and widespread interest, it is difficult to say what is.

But why should the Legislature interfere with an institution of its own creation which has placed outside of itself in the hands of a selected and carefully chosen Board of Trustees, and who, after years of patient and thankless labor, have for the first time solved the difficult enigma of making it self-supporting?

If it were prudent to interfere, it may at the outset be seriously questioned whether the Legislature has the power, without the consent of the Trustees, to take back and give to new parties the responsibility of this charge.

The Trustees not only do not ask the interference of the Legislature, but they unanimously object to it, and in their report show most conclusively that the college is now a vital force, living by its own means, and being supported by the widespread popularity which its management has secured for it.

Two things are already established in the existence of the Massachusetts College: 1st, that it is able to take care of itself, and has a right to an independent existence by the act of the Legislature giving it corporate powers; and 2d, if the college cannot live by itself, Amherst College can add nothing to its strength, and has no surplus money to spend in maintaining it.

MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The annual business meeting of the State Board of Agriculture was held at the office of the Secretary, in the State House, on Tuesday, Feb. 3d, commencing at 12 o'clock.

The meeting was called to order by His Excellency Governor Long. The first business taken up was the Reports of Delegates on the Annual Fairs of the several Societies receiving the bounty of the State. The Reports appeared to be honest and fearless, giving statements of the real condition of each Society, commending such features as were thought desirable, and recommending such improvements as the delegates believed would secure better results. From these reports it would seem that while there is yet room for improvement, the societies with scarcely an exception, are doing faithful work.

A portion of the afternoon was devoted to the reading of Essays. Prof. Charles A. Goessmann read an Essay on "The Improvement of Salt Marshes, O. B. Hadwen on "Jersey," and E. F. Bowditch on "Guernsey cattle," Benjamin P. Ware on "Reclaiming of Swamp Lands, as to Profit and the Public Health," Prof. Goessmann submitted his seventh annual Report on Fertilizers. These reports are of the highest importance, to not only every farmer of the State, but to every individual who cultivates a single rod of land; for it is through these reports that we learn the value of the Commercial Fertilizers of the State, and it is by the action of the State Chemist that manufacturers of Commercial Fertilizers are compelled to keep up the quality of fertilizers to correspond with the marks upon each package.

On Wednesday the subject of Farmers' Institutes was taken up, and each member called upon to give his views as to the result of the vote of the Board, passed last year, requiring each society receiving the bounty of the State, to hold in each year, at least three Farmers' Institutes. The reports were highly interesting and satisfactory; every society having complied with the requirement, and it was the unanimous opinion that no action which the Board has ever taken, has done so much to improve the farmer, and lift him out of the old ruts. Farmers all over the State are holding meetings, and are becoming deeply interested in the gathering up, and disseminating advanced ideas relating to operations of the farm.

The Committee on Credentials reported as new members A. C. Varnum of Lowell, J. P. Lynde of Athol, Samuel N. Gleason of Warren, F. Gaylord of Amherst, Henry K. Herrick of Blandford, John S. Anderson, of Shelburne, Augustus T. Perkins of Cotuit, David Mayhew of North Tisbury. Report accepted.

After a full discussion it was unanimously voted "That Societies receiving the bounty of the State be requested to offer $50 for such experiments as a committee of this Board shall direct, and that they be notified that after the present year, such offer shall be required by the Board. The Committee chosen to carry the vote into effect were Benjamin P. Ware, Edmund Hersey, John B. Moore, Augustus T. Perkins, O. B. Hadwen.

A motion was made to chocse a committee to take such action as may be thought best to change the present dog law so as to protect farmers and others from injuries by dogs. The motion caused a very animated discussion; with one exception all agreed that the dogs are driving the sheep from the State, and that a law ought to be passed to protect not only the sheep, but all other property from injury by dogs. The motion was unanimously carried. The Committee chosen were Edmund Hersey, James S. Grinnell, Horace A. Wakefield.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered:

"*Whereas*, The National Government gave to the several States in the Union public lands for the purpose of endowing Agricultural Colleges,

And Whereas, 360,000 acres of land was accepted by the State of Massachusetts from the Government, and $75,000 was raised by the town of Amherst to increase the endowment, and large sums of money given by private individuals, solely for the purpose of an Agricultural College, independent of any other institution of learning,

And Whereas, It was expressly understood and settled, that the Agricultural College must be an institution solely for the purpose of instruction in such branches as would secure a Scientific Agricultural Education, and a knowledge of Military Science and Tactics,

And Whereas, The Governor and Council of 1879 were requested, by the Legislature of that year, to report some plan for the permanent continuance of said College with its relation to the State definitely fixed; or some plan for its discontinuance; but with the provision, in any event, that its finances shall from this time be finally separated from the Treasury of the Commonwealth; and have reported the expediency of uniting the Agricultural College, with its endowments and property, to Amherst College,

Therefore Resolved, That in the opinion of the members of the State Board of Agriculture here assembled, the interest of the Agriculture of Massachusetts would not be promoted by such transfer and that we do protest against such disposition of it.

Resolved, That as since the reorganization of the Trustees and Faculty of the Agricultural College, it has been managed successfully as an educational institution, and its expenses kept within its income, we therefore hope that it may remain as it is, and was originally intended, independent of any other institution."

The discussion on the Resolutions was able, earnest and convincing.

Hon. Marshal P. Wilder spoke very earnestly and forcibly, in favor of the Resolutions, alluded to the founding of the College, and to the opinion that existed among the ablest men that it should be an independent institution. He spoke of the many advantages derived from the College, of the many valuable papers that had come from it; and reminded the Board of the expression of Professor Agassiz, who said that "one single paper, that had come from it, was worth more than the whole cost of the College." In closing, Mr. Wilder expressed it as his firm conviction that the College should remain as an independent institution. One of the members desired to know if the damaging reports, that have been circulated against the College, were true. The President of the College was called upon to reply; he stated in the most positive language that the stories were utterly unfounded and false and expressed himself so clearly and fully, upon matters relating to the College, that no member of the Board, if he had ever had any doubt about the usefulness of the College could longer entertain it. The member who ask the question, stated that he was perfectly satisfied with the reply, and that he should be able to go home and correct the wrong impressions the enemies of the College had been making on the minds of his constituents.

The Resolution after being favorably discussed by most of the prominent members of the Board, were passed by a rising vote, every member present voting in the affirmative.

The Committee on Essays for another year reported as follows: 1st, "The improvement of Salt Marshes," to be written by Charles A. Goessmann, George M. Baker, John Lane. 2nd, "Raising and Selecting Field and Garden Seeds," John B. Moore, O. B. Hadwen, Wm. A. Warner. 3d, "Experiments with Potato Culture," Benjamin P. Ware, Edmund Hersey, Merritt T. Wheeler. 4th, "What has Chemistry done for Agriculture?" James R. Nichols, Charles A. Goessmann, Abiel K. Abbott. 5th, "Cultivation of Small Fruits," Avery P. Slade, Nathaniel Upham, John F. Brown. 6th, "The Basket Willow and its Cultivation," Edmund Hersey, Henry K. Herrick, Henry M. Pierson. 7th, "What influence does Farming, as an Occupation, have on the Mind," George M. Baker, Benjamin, P. Ware. 8th, "Is there a profit in Steaming Fodder for Cows?" William R. Sessions, J. H. Desmond, E. F. Bowditch. 9th. "Poultry Raising," J. H. Desmond, Thomas J. Damon. Report adopted.

The Committee to assign delegates to the fairs of the different societies reported the following: Essex Society, J. H. Desmond; Middlesex, J. P. Lynde; Middlesex North, O. B. Hadwen; Middlesex South, Merritt I. Wheeler; Worcester, John F. Brown; Worcester West, David Mayhew; Worcester North, William A. Warner; Worcester North West, James R. Nichols; Worcester South, Henry K. Herrick; Worcester South, F. Gaylord, Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden, Benjamin P. Ware; Hampshire, Avery P. Slade; Highland, A. W. Preston; Hampden, E. F. Bowditch; Hampden East, George M. Baker; Union, John N. Anderson; Franklin, Samuel N. Gleason; Deerfield Valley, Edmund Hersey; Berkshire, James S. Grinnell; Housatonic, Thomas J. Damon; Hoosac Valley, Velorus Taft; Hingham, A. C. Varnum; Bristol, Alexander Marcy Jr., Plymouth, Augustus T. Perkins; Marshfield, William R. Sessions, Barnstable Henry M. Pierson; Nantucket, John B. Moore; Martha's Vineyard, Horace P. Wakefield.

The Committee, on the time and place of holding the next Country Meeting reported recommending the next meeting to be held in Wayland, commencing the first Tuesday in December.—Adopted.

Marshal P. Wilder, Edmund Hersey, O. B. Hadwen, Benjamin P. Ware, and Augustus T. Perkins, were chosen as Printing and Executive Committee.

The meeting closed on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. During the three days' meeting every member manifested the most earnest desire to adopt only such measures as would tend to lift up and improve the condition of the farmers of the State. When Hon. Marshal P. Wilder entered the Hall on Thursday morning, every member arose to greet one of the most earnest and faithful friends the farmer ever had. Long may he live to enjoy the high honors which his busy and useful life so richly entitles him to.

THE (OLD) UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

When this Society met in 1862, it was found that the civil war then raging had about equally divided its officers and active members, some of whom remained loyal to the old flag, while others had engaged in the rebellion. It was accordingly determined to suspend active operations, although on the second Wednesday of January in each successive year, Major Ben Perley Poore, the Secretary, has taken care that a legal quorum met, elected officers, and transacted such other business as would keep the charter granted by Congress, alive.

Last summer, it was resolved at an informal meeting of the members who had kept up their interest in the Society, to attempt a revival of it, and to elect an old working member and officer, the Hon John Merryman of Maryland, as President.

Meanwhile the American Agricultural Association had been organized in New York, and it elected Mr. Merryman President, with a number of the active members of the United States Agricultural Society among its officers.

The United States Agricultural Society met at Washington, on the second Wednesday in January, and elected Mr. Merryman as its President, with an executive committee, headed by ex-Gov. Smythe of New Hampshire, composed (with an exception) of gentlemen who were also officers in the American Agricultural Association.

The Executive Committee voted to have the proceedings of the meeting published, with the constitution and list of members; and also an address to the life members, urging their attendance at the next annual meeting with a view to resuming active operations, and to consider any proposition that might then be submitted for a union of the two societies.

Subsequently, the Board of Directors of the American Agricultural Association met in Washington, and its Secretary having resigned, Major Poore was elected. He accepted the position reluctantly, at the request of old associates in the United States Agricultural Society.

It will thus be seen that the United States Agricultural Society, organized by Col. Marshall P. Wilder and his associates in 1852, "still lives,"—that it is independent of any other organization;—and that it will be for its members to decide, next January, whether they will add to their strength the younger Association, or go on as they did in *ante bellum* days. The proceedings will be ready for distribution in a few weeks.

☞ H. M. Vall of Pomfret, Vt., says that 15 years ago the average yield of butter per cow was 100 pounds in that town, while now it has increased to 200 pounds, and the price has correspondingly increased. He thinks this has been obtained by high feeding, more care in selecting cattle, and better care of them generally.

☞ Give the fowls a variety—corn, wheat, oats, buckwheat, cooked vegetables of all kinds, fruits, refuse of the table, raw cabbage in winter, grass of a tender variety in summer. Variety is the spice of a fowl's life, as well as of man's. Meat should be given often.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

RAISING ONIONS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I am engaged in raising onions on a smal scale; this year 420 bushels grew on less than three-fourths of an acre. I want to raise them in the cheapest way, and as nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash are the only ingredients that need to be supplied, I would like to inquire how much of each is removed from the soil by one hundred bushels of onions? How many bushels of hen manure would be required to manure well one-half acre of ground for onions? The hens are kept confined, and are fed with shorts, grain, scraps and bone, and the droppings carefully saved. Respectfully yours,

Hampton, Conn. H. C.

According to the best authority one hundred bushels of onions would take from the soil 11 lbs. of nitrogen, 9 lbs. actual potash, 4 lbs. soluble phosphoric acid. Allowing a crop of onions 300 bushels per half acre, there would be required 33 lbs. of nitrogen, 27 lbs. of actual potash, 12 lbs. of soluble phosphoric acid, and supposing the hen manure to have been kept from rain and sun-dried, it would probably require 500 lbs. to furnish the nitrogen, 300 lbs. of which would supply the requisite soluble phosphoric acid, while it would require 700 lbs. to furnish the requisite potash.

This estimate is made on the basis of the hen manure dried being of about the same value of medium quality of Peruvian Guano. Of course the value would depend upon the condition of the hen manure, and could only be ascertained by chemical analysis.

It will be noticed that for a complete food for onions it lacks the proper proportion of potash. Therefore it would be suitable to apply 500 lbs. of hen manure with the addition of 50 lbs. of sulphate potash; this should not be ploughed in, but left as near the surface as a harrow would leave it.—[Ed.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please give, in the *Ploughman*, the symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia, and whether the animal lives for months or dies very soon, and oblige a subscriber?

A. H. M.

Sterling, Mass., Feb. 2, 1880.

The most unmistakable signs of pulmonary disease are derived from auscultation and percussion, but it is impossible by these means to discover the nature of the lesion; we cannot distinguish it from simple inflammation of the lungs. Among the external signs we have almost always a peculiar short cough, particularly in the morning, or when the animal rises or is allowed to drink. The appetite is variable or slight, the secretion of milk diminished. At a later period there is unusual dilation and contraction of the alaenasi, and a more or less rapid, short and unequal respiration. The peculiar cough becomes more dry and painful, and, in the very worst cases, may be entirely absent.

In young, powerful animals, the mucous membrane of the nose is, at the commencement, red and dry, but, at a later period the color changes to a yellowish white. Still later, there flows from the nose either a clear and thin, or a viscid and variously colored fluid. This may come from the nose itself, or the bronchi. In the latter it is often found in masses as thick as the finger, and great relief is afforded by the expulsion of one of these.

Pain is caused by pressure upon the chest, behind the shoulders, or upon the lumbar region, and animals show this by shrinking.

The local signs often exist in a slight degree for weeks and months without any constitutional symptoms. In the febrile stage at the commencement of the disease, in strong animals, the pulse is full and hard, but in those which are weak and badly nourished, it is soft and full.

Finally, it becomes in all soft and rapid. At the commencement of the febrile period the animals stand with the back curved upward, and the head and neck outstretched. In the pasture they separate themselves from the herd.

As the disease progresses, they almost always stand with the anterior part of the body immovable. They rarely lie down, and then only for a short time, either upon the affected side or on the breast bone, with the fore feet beneath them or stretched out in front. Towards the close, when suffocation is imminent, they lie with the head and neck outstretched and the mouth open. The hair upon the chest and neck loses its lustre and stands up. The skin is dry, and is more firmly attached to the withers and walls of the chest than to other parts. Appetite and rumination cease entirely in the febrile stage. Water excites cough, and is taken with difficulty. From the dry mouth there flows more or less viscid, dirty, offensive fluid, or a frothy saliva.

The milk is either secreted in small quantity and is deficient in fat; or ceases altogether.

The urine is dark brown, has a strong odor, and is passed with difficulty. The fecal matter at the commencement of the disease is less abundant, firm and dark brown.

At a more advanced period there is either constipation, or the faeces becomes hard and black, or green, watery and offensive. Abortion frequently takes place, either immediately before the appearance of the disease or at the commencement and in the course of the same.

The duration of the disease depends upon the length of the chronic or non-febrile stage. If the latter be long, the disease may last several weeks or months. If, on the contrary, fever makes its appearance early or at the commencement of the disease, the latter may terminate in from seven to fourteen days, rarely under, more frequently over that time. Death is, unfortunately, the most common termination.

MANGE IN THE HORSE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a horse that appears to have a humor of some kind. He rubs himself till he wears the hair off and makes a sore place. It is the worst at the roots of his mane and tail. What is the remedy? H. H.

Dedham, Jan. 24, 1880.

Your horse evidently has mange.

Treatment—Wash the parts thoroughly with soap and warm water. Then make a mixture of Oil of Tar 2 oz. and Whale Oil 24 oz. Apply thoroughly with a brush to the affected parts. Repeat in two or three days, then in a week. Should it be evident that full recovery is not attained, the remedy may be applied every fifth day.—[Ed.

TICKS ON SHEEP.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please invite subscribers to communicate through the columns of the *Ploughman* the best mode of destroying ticks on sheep? and oblige G. G. M.

Loudville, Mass. Jan. 22d, 1880.

Will those of our subscribers who have had experience in destroying ticks, please communicate through the *Ploughman*?—[Ed.

WHY DO YOUNG MEN LEAVE THE FARM?

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have been very much interested in the weekly perusal of the *Ploughman*. The question often repeated, and the advice given to our young men to stick to the farm and thus become in a sense independent of the ups and downs in life, is the thought that has been in my mind for some time. I have asked myself, why is it that the main stay of the farm (the young men) in many cases throw up the farm, forsake the old folks, and look to the cities for a source of relief, in hopes to find some other method of obtaining a living, and in time the farm and homestead becomes deserted; the old folks in their declining years pass away; the sons that should be in their places to take upon themselves the responsibilities of their fathers in maintaining and carrying on the farm, are engaged in some other occupation and thereby weaned from their birthplace (the farm), and it becomes forsaken and in a little while a thing of the past; sad, but in too many instances, true. And here I am led to ask why is it thus? I am forced to believe that the responsibility in part rests with father or mother, as the case may be; the boys are not taught that they are part owners and in time must take upon themselves the whole care of the farm. In too many cases the sons are nothing more than the hired men, drawing perhaps their board and clothes and perhaps a little pocket-money, or perhaps nine months in the year the monthly pay of the farm hand, thereby become discouraged and try their luck in other fields of usefulness. Such there are, too many cases, I am forced to believe. And here lies the secret of the neglected condition of too many of our farms at the present time. What is the remedy for this evil? The young men in many cases fail in their new undertaking; the farm becomes the property of others, so they are forced to shift for themselves. Heads of families they find themselves without the means of support. If they turn to the farm for support they find they can get for their labor $25 to $30 per month. For such there are many noble, capable young men, with steady temperate habits, that would be glad to return to the farm, but for want of pecuniary aid are debarred. Is there no way out of the trouble? Can not our institutes find some way where these young men can find help? In this wise let a society be formed with capital so that a deserving young man can select some of these farms and borrow of the society say some five or six hundred dollars on a mortgage, and thereby give them a start in life, and at the same time redeem our farms and keep our young men upon them? It seems to me while so much is being said and done about the Irish land question, we have a New England Land Question that needs our attention, for the relief of our American young men who would gladly take our farms that now lie idle, if the needed start in life was offered to them, and thus our farms be reclaimed, and we as well as they will reap the benefits. Let us have a New England Aid Farm Society and set our young men to work. I offer this suggestion hoping some one will take up the subject.

Farmer.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Jan. 17, 1880.

☞ Don't force your hens to scratch a frozen manure pile for a living these cold days. Give them plenty of warm food in the morning and grain at night.

HAMBLETONIAN STALLION "SATELLITE."

Property of Powell Bros., Springboro', Crawford Co., Penn.

We are enabled through the courtesy of the *National Live Stock Journal* of Chicago, to present to the readers of the *Ploughman* what is said to be a very correct likeness of the trotting stallion Satellite, property of the Messrs. Powell Bros., Springboro, Crawford County, Penn. This horse is a bay, with a white star in the forehead, and white on hind ankles and left fore foot. He was foaled 1867, and was got by Robert Bonner, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. This same Robert Bonner was a fast trotter himself, and a *getter* of trotters as well; and had for his dam a mare by the great Long Island Black Hawk, and his second dam was by old Abdallah, making him one of the most desirably bred of all the sons of the Old Horse. The dam of Satellite was by Crawford County Champion, he by Grinnell's Champion, the progenitor of such a race of trotters as Castle Boy, St. James, York State, Geo. B. Daniels, and Nettie Burlew, all with records of 2.24 or better. Satellite's second dam was the famous "Old Burns Mare" by Duroc (Cease's) son of Steele's Eclipse, he by American Eclipse, and his third dam was a blood-like mare, very nearly thoroughbred, brought from Kentucky. It is very common for the owners of young and well-bred trotting stallions to indulge in high hopes concerning their get, and for this reason we always take what men so situated may say about the "promising youngsters," with many grains of allowance. But in this case actual performance on the track has already established Satellite's claim as a sire of trotters; and if another season fails to show him with at least three representatives in the 2.30 class, and *one* within a fraction of 2.20, there will be several badly disappointed owners, who base their expectations of public performance upon what private trials have already disclosed. The blood of the "Old Burns Mare" in the veins of Satellite is highly prized by those who remember Turk and Flora Burns, two of her produce. The Messrs. Powell, in addition to being large breeders of trotting horses, are the most extensive importers of Clydesdale horses in America.

"MENTAL CULTURE."

An Essay read before the Waltham Farmer's Club, Feb. 3, 1880.

BY A. B. BERRY.

[Reported for the Massachusetts Ploughman.]

I shall begin with exhibiting some implements of husbandry used by a people not noted for mental culture. A stone axe and a granite hoe (which he had present.) Beside them I might place the keen edged steel axe and the light steel hoe of to-day, but their familiarity to us all renders it needless. While the stone ones are a curiosity, what makes the difference between the people of the stone hoe and the steel one. Is it not mental culture? Why does America outstrip the world in the perfection of farm implements, only that mental culture in our mechanics and inventors exceeds that of the same class of all other lands? Give the American farmers the heavy, clumsy implements of the past ages such as the farmers of most other lands have to work with today, and would America feed the old world with the ease and abundance she does now? Mental culture in our mechanics has made our improved farm implements, and mental culture in those who seek out through manufactures trade and commerce, avenues and markets for the products of our farms, loads every ponderous and capacious steamship that leaves our shores with live or slaughtered beef, grain, flour and all the varied products of our wide domain.

But the question before us was doubtless aimed in the farmer's personal efforts. How has mental culture aid him here? The question is a little like asking how does the sunlight aid vegetation in its growth? It is easier to show that it does than just how. Looking at the stone hoe, then at the steel one, we can see that mental culture has aided the farmer in his occupation. Has it now ceased to be operative in his favor? Or does it aid him to a certain extent and fail beyond?

Let us take two farmers naturally every way equal, their lands, implements and surroundings equal, one a proficient only in the three R's—Reading, Riting, Rithmetic, the other a college graduate of superior mental culture and of some acquaintance with the natural sciences. To the former all nature is a sealed book—a mystery, a conundrum. He is called to a life struggle with forces and resources of which he knows little. He must plod on in the old beaten path of his fathers or trust to luck and chance for the result of his experiments. He labors at a disadvantage at every point. If his barnyard fertilizers run low and he attempts to make a compost heap of such materials as lie almost at his hand, he is as likely to combine forces that neutralize each other and thereby render his compost heap comparatively worthless, as otherwise.

Years of experience may teach him something of the science of rotation of crops, but of the constituents of plants and their special requisites for growth he knows nothing. Wedded to the old ways of his fathers he adopts new ideas, new methods and new crops with doubts and hesitancy, and thus often loses golden opportunities.

With the man of mental culture the case is different. Nature to him is not a labyrinth of blindly opposing forces operating without law and huddled together without order or intelligence. He knows that this apparently infinite variety is the result of the commutation of a few simples, of the powers, nature and affinities of which he has some knowledge, sufficient indeed to enable him to call them to his aid and not to his injury. He knows that the atmosphere which envelops him is charged with forces which he can utilize and make minister to his interest. He can best judge too of the proper culture for special soils. The quickness of his trained perception enables him to adapt his labors to the results required. He does nothing blindly or at haphazard and is not obliged to waste a year or two in experiments before he can tell how to adapt his crops to his soil.

But it is not alone in the ability of the man of mental culture to utilize the substances and forces in air, earth and water that gives him the advantage. He gains even more from his fellow-man. He is the peer and associate of the enlightened, the intelligent and scientific men of his time and is in frequent association and converse with them. Their own and the ideas they have gleaned from far countries perhaps, he gathers up before they find their way to the less cultured. Men of science, and many men of mental culture may not make good farmers from the fact that they have no love for farming. From some false notions or theories this class of men sometimes take up farming as farmers sometimes take up trading, public speaking, or a profession generally to fail. But the farmer of mental culture who loves his calling will always outstrip his ignorant neighbor. Many a man who has never seen the inside of a college may possess more mental culture than some college graduates. Many of the most illustrious men of the past and present as well—illustrious too for mental culture—are of this class and we have not far to go to find a shining example. Until within a few years few of this class of men have brought the full swing and energy of their minds to practical farming with the love of it. When they did how quick the calling felt the impulse and was lifted from the low level of slavish drudgery to that of an honorable pursuit. It very soon then became the pet nursling of science and art. These distinguished patrons may have at times rather overdone the thing in their attempts and eagerness to aid. But who can deny that they have rendered incalculable service to the practical farmer. We are to-day altogether too near the date of this fortunate era fully to comprehend and appreciate the advantages that have and are yet to come from their aid.

It is the mind of general culture, not one trained in any set groove or coarse of education that will best succeed in practical farming. The former has no pet theories to interfere with and warp his judgment. Only the mind of the Infinite can fathom all the mighty forces and varied combinations of nature and it is the man who has every faculty of his mind and heart cultivated to the highest degree that approaches nearest to the Infinite and to such the secrets of nature are least hidden.

In a social and domestic point of view our mental culture aids the farmer in his occupation. Can he accomplish most with a household, the presiding duty of which is an accomplished, devout and intelligent woman, whose soft tones and cultured spirit shed the charm of love and romance over the busy toil of the farm, filling his home with the purest and sweetest sentiments that can vibrate in the human breast or with one who is the opposite of this? And how is the former blessing to be secured to the farmer so certainly as by mental culture in himself?

It is the privilege and province of the American farmer to become the peer of the noblest in the land. But he cannot become such without a high standard of mental culture. Though his acres may be limited his mind and heart should be enlarged with that generous culture which should type the culture of his soil. The fruit of his life be sweet and wholesome as the fruit of his ground, and his character as free from evil traits as his land from noisome weeds. To such a farmer life is a success and at fifty or sixty to use the words of Emerson, though he may come to the old age of youth, he will but have entered upon the youth of old age.

The Horse.

A CHAPTER ON LEGS.

[National Live Stock Journal.]

"A horse has four legs," is the stereotyped beginning of the schoolboy's composition on the horse; and in this the schoolboy manifests a large degree of intelligence. No part of the horse is of greater importance than the leg; and the experienced horseman will begin his examination, preliminary to a purchase, just where the schoolboy commences his composition. He wants to be sure that the horse has four good sound legs before he buys him, for he knows that nine times out of ten, here is where a horse first fails. The turf horse that is always troubled with "a leg," is a nuisance. Curbs, spavins, ringbones, weakened or sprained tendons, "bucked" knees, and stiffened joints, are some of the troubles that affect the legs of the horse, and greatly impair his usefulness.

The indications of a good leg are firmness, hardness, and smoothness to the touch, showing an entire absence of adipose tissue; large well-defined joints, entirely free from abnormal appendages; firm, but elastic, cords; a short pastern joint. The shape of the bone should be broad and flat, and the leg should stand squarely and firmly under the horse, the toes turning neither in nor out. The bone should be of good size just below the knee, and flat; but large-sized cannon bones, with strong, clean back sinews and suspensory ligament, are of great importance. "Cuby hocks," cow hocks," "bowed legs," "calf knees," and "over on the knees," are indications that are always unfavorable.

All these points are to be examined mainly when the horse is not in motion; and when fully satisfied in these particulars, it is very essential to see that, having four good legs, the horse has the ability to use them properly; that he steps with a firm, free and elastic tread; that the legs and feet do not get in the way of each other when he is in motion, but move freely, without interference, and yet without any paddling or straddling motion. Stiffness of the joints will be more readily detected by causing the horse to step backwards, and by seeing him in motion when first taken from the stall, before he has been warmed up.

☞ The condition of the public roads is the measure of the civilization of the inhabitants. Good roads facilitate trade intercourse, promote comfort and convenience, increase the value of real estate, add attractiveness to the neighborhood, and stimulate individual improvements.

Porcine.

SUPPOSED KIDNEY DISEASE.

[Prairie Farmer.]

A paralytic state of the hind quarters in swine, seems to be an evil of frequent occurrence. If the cause of this condition was similar in all cases, then the question of cure or prevention could be settled without any long discourse. The evil has been ascribed to the presence of worms in the kidneys, to sprain of the loins, to trichinosis, rheumatism, disease of the spinal marrow, etc. But when we are told that a number of swine in a herd, young and old, are affected so that they cannot walk or even get up, except with the fore limbs, and are thus affected simultaneously or in short succession, we seriously doubt that the disorder is due to sprain of the loins. A paraplegic state of the hind-quarters may be due to reflex irritation, consequent upon the presence of large numbers of worms in the intestinal canal, coupled with constipation. Lumbago or rheumatism of the loins, is not of unfrequent occurrence among swine, evidenced by pain, stiffness, and difficulty in using the hind-quarters. The round worm, *Stephanurus dentatus*, inhabits more or less all the internal organs of swine. It is the same worm which infests the kidneys, and to which almost all cases of weakness of the hind quarters of swine is indiscriminately attributed, under the name of "kidney worm." Kidney worm is, however, not of so common occurrence as the number of inquiries on the subject would seem to indicate. The presence of the same worm in the spinal canal, or in the spinal marrow, may produce paraplegia or paralysis of the hind quarters, in which case the animal would not exhibit any such marked tenderness, on being pressed over the loins with the fingers, as he would if the ailment of the hind quarters was due to a sprain or to rheumatism of the loins. It is next to impossible to diagnose the presence of the worms in the kidneys, except by chance, through microscopic examination of the urine, when ova may be detected. But such knowledge would avail little or nothing, as no remedy would be likely to cause the destruction of these worms, or their removal from the pelvic cavity of the kidneys. If the paralytic condition in the present case should be due to the presence of large numbers of worms in the intestinal canal, Fowler's solution of arsenic may be given in doses of a teaspoonful, morning and evening during a fornight; then leave off a week or ten days, and repeat as before. Besides this, mix a few sliced, raw onions among the food daily. Give access to fresh and clear drinking water, plenty of sour milk, and apply daily over the loins, a portion of a liniment composed of one part of powdered cantharides, two parts of olive oil, and two parts of oil of turpentine, by weight. Keep the sow indoors, in a well-bedded box stall, free from dampness or draught of cold air.

TICKS ON SHEEP.

[Prairie Farmer.]

It is always best to dip the sheep after shearing time; but for the purpose of eradicating ticks, it is not necessary to clip the sheep. For fifty sheep and as many young lambs, take eighteen pounds of tobacco stubs or coarse tobacco. This may be steeped in eighteen gallons of boiling hot water, kept at that temperature for an hour, constantly stirring the contents. The decoction should then be diluted with fifty gallons of cold water, placed in a tub, large enough to hold a sheep. In dipping sheep, care should be taken not to immerse the head, which can be sufficiently wetted with the hand. It should be done on a mild sunny forenoon, and the sheep should be housed during the night. Sulphur given internally may cause abortion.

☞ If your cows teats are sore from any cause, wash them clean with warm water, and then apply glycerine while they are moist. Two or three applications will cure the worst cases and render the teats soft and pliable. For caked bag, use fresh lard as hot as you can handle it. Apply with a rag or brush, and thoroughly rub it in with the hand. It never fails to effect a cure in a few days.

☞ Intelligent breeders of horse flesh are emphasizing the importance of soundness in brood mares. There is scarcely an ill to which the horse is heir that is not transmissible by inheritance, yet the average farmer has little regard to constitutional weaknesses of his brood mares, little suspecting that the same tendencies will be transmitted to their offspring.

☞ The agricultural college of Japan has been in existence three years, and a large number of students have been educated in it. The government recognizes its usefulness and aids it in various ways.

☞ Calves' or sheeps' livers, which can always be obtained in the market houses for a few cents apiece, are valuable to feed fowls.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

How English Farms and English Farming Looks to an American.

BY H. C. BURLEIGH.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

Arrival at Liverpool—A Trip through the Midland Counties of Cheshire and Shropshire to Herefordshire—English Farms and Farming—Large Crops—Cattle and Sheep—Rents—Rates and Taxes—English Ploughing compared with American, etc., etc., etc.

Baysham Court, Ross, Herefordshire, Eng., 1st mo. 16th, 1880.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

Thinking that perhaps a few lines upon the subject, "How English farms and English farming looks to an American," might be of interest to your readers, I will give you a few of my ideas upon this subject.

After landing in Liverpool on the 21st of Dec., and looking through the principal places of interest, not forgetting the wonderful docks, which are without doubt the finest in the world, I proceeded through the Midland Counties of Cheshire and Shropshire to Herefordshire. My object was, as you very well know, in pursuit of cattle, sheep, etc. But while I have been travelling through not only England, but Wales, I have been forcibly struck with the thoroughness of the work upon the farms, and the amount done. We talk in America about large farms and large farming, and when spoken of as such the first question asked is, How large a farm has he? And if it is 400, 500, or 600 acres, the man is considered a large farmer, though he does not actually raise as much as an English farmer does on a 300 acre farm. It is perfectly astonishing the amount raised here on one of these farms of this size. Mr. T.

The Ploughman

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1880.

Major Reno, in compliance with his request of the President, was permitted to resign from his place in the army.

The town treasurer of Andover, Mass., is the last one to prove a defaulter, although he has misappropriated but $1300.

The biennial election and biennial session business is about as actively discussed as any other subject now before the Legislature.

The deficiencies in the annual appropriations for the various departments of the Government at Washington amount to $5,779,536.

It is rumored that Lord Beaconsfield will permit a dissolution of Parliament next November without resistance, and that he will at that time resign the leadership of the Government party.

The severe strictures of the savings banks commissioners on the irregularities they have discovered, in investigating the accounts of county officers, deserve the special attention of the public.

Congress is likely to go deeper and deeper into the interoceanic canal question without seriously intending it. This country will hardly look on in quiet while European nations come over and take possession of the American Isthmus.

RAILROADS AND AGRICULTURE.

The total of capital invested in railroads in this country is something truly enormous. The railroads were originally projected into the far interior and beyond for the purpose of opening the country to settlement and developing its immense agricultural resources, and it is well to bear this purpose in mind while the current discussion is going on relative to the regulation of inter-state commerce. The figures giving the number of miles operated by railroads are more or less familiar from repetition; it may give a better idea of what the railroads do as factors in the progress and growth of the country by noting the increase of their freight traffic for the past ten years, which is really in an enormous ratio.

The traffic increase of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been 276 per cent.; of the New York Central, 258 per cent.; of the Michigan Central, 252 per cent.; of the Pennsylvania, 125 per cent.; of the Grand Trunk, 122 per cent.; of the Erie, about 90 per cent.; of the Lake Shore, 95 per cent. Within the past few years, the increase of traffic has far outstripped the increase of mileage, hard times being the obvious cause of the falling off of the latter, the volume of trade, however, having increased at a wonderfully rapid rate. There was no railway system, nor an attempt to establish one, prior to 1879, but last year it seemed as if the minds of all leading railway men had become fruitful in new conceptions and plans.

It has been stated that prior to the opening of the Erie Canal, it cost one hundred dollars to carry a ton of corn from Buffalo to New York, or four times the value of the corn, twice the value of a ton of wheat, and the full value of a ton of beef and pork. When the canal was opened, transportation dropped to ten dollars a ton between those two points, and not long afterwards it was reduced to five dollars per ton. On ordinary highways, it costs not less than twenty-five cents a ton for every mile of transportation; on railroads it costs about one and one-quarter cents per mile for every ton. The theory, and in face the belief, is that this very large saving is divided equitably between the producer and the consumer. But that is the important, if not the vital, question at issue.

If this advantage is not gained for producer and consumer, both of them have a right to know how it is distributed, since they are the ones by whom railroad charters are granted and railroad franchises enjoyed. If it has come to this, that the railroads are masters of the situation, and instead of serving the interests of the great public command and control them for their own benefit almost altogether, it is none too soon to make the discovery and act upon it. The original idea respecting railroads was that they were for the public convenience; and agriculture, which employs certainly fifteen million of our population, has the first right to be considered, furnishing, as it does, the greater part of the material for the export trade of the country.

The reason why the interstate commerce discussion is now engaging the serious attention of Congress is because of the enormous power which the railroad magnates are rapidly concentrating in their own hands. Since last year opened, there has been an entire change of programme on their part. Combination and consolidation have done in a single twelvemonth what a score of years had been preparing for such a result. In the new system, so called, no less than thirty-five railroads are represented. They may have dropped their distinctive names, many of them, but they are elements in the grand combination. The avowed object of this new combination, is to put a check on competition.

Now competition, if it is bad for the roads, may not necessarily be so bad for the public. The presumption raised by the action of the railroad managers themselves is that it *is* worse for them than it is for the public, and consequently that they combine to secure what advantage there may be to themselves. What are recognized as the trunk roads of the United States, which have swallowed up the other roads, are controlled by less than half a dozen men. We need but name Vanderbilt, Scott, Jewett, Gould and Garrett, to have this statement fully understood. The debts of these great lines thus managed are colossal, and, with the "watered" stock which they represent, are obliged to earn dividends, which of course come out of the pockets of both prroducers and consumers. And that explains the present movement before Congress in the matter.

Let us take a look at the magnitude of these railroad debts. The united debt of Michigan Central, Canada Southern and New York Central, all under one management, is $62,604,076, and the capital stock is $123,166,504. The debt of the Lake Shore and Erie is $102,308,203; of the St. Louis and Chattanooga, $32,913,900; of the Baltimore and Ohio, $37,670,351; of Pennsylvania, $55,114,760; of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, $27,058,725; of the Chicago and Northwestern, $32,798,000; of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, $32,088,000. In addition to these, there are the huge debts of the Wabash, the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, and others.

All this has to pay interest, and that interest comes out of the producers and consumers of the country. The "watered" stock, or stock that is fictitiously created out of the dividends of the roads, has to earn dividends also; and if we would fairly understand what those dividends are, we have but to consider how much water there is in the different roads. About $54,000,000 of the $89,000,000 of the capital stock of the New York Central and Hudson River roads is "water." The "water" of the Erie and Central roads amounts to about $120,000,000. And so on through the list. These are the heavy burdens which are imposed on producers, and bring up the interstate commerce bill so urgently and prominently before Congress. Producers and consumers are called on to earn the increased dividends of the roads.

Hence the bill introduced in the House of Representatives on Monday by Mr. Rice of Massachusetts, creating an interstate commerce commission, in which the views of Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., relative to a railroad commission are formulated. It provides for the appointment of three commissioners by the President, who shall constitute a bureau of the Interior Department, and serve for one, two and three years respectively; their jurisdiction to extend to all questions arising out of commerce between States, and to all railroads that have received land grants or subsidies from the government. They are to have the right to examine the books and reports of the companies, and see that the United States laws relating to roads aided by them are enforced

They are to see, too, that the railroads furnish the same facilities to all patrons; that the same amount of freight shall be charged to one that is charged to all others; that there shall be no breakage of bulk in a continuous journey; that there shall be no rebate; and they are to collect information as to pooling of freight, and suggest necessary legislation.

DOUBLE TAXATION.

The object of the bill now before the Legislature relative to the subject of taxation is to relieve certain property from double taxation. The bill provides for the assessment of the mortgagee's interest in any mortgage on real estate, as if it were real estate; the mortgagor to be assessed only for the value of his real estate, after deducting the amount of the mortgages outstanding against the property. The bill also provides that loans secured by mortgage on taxable real estate shall be exempt from taxation as personal property. Mortgagors and mortgagees are declared, for the purpose of taxation, to be joint owners until the mortgagee takes possession.

In this plain and direct way it is proposed to dispense with the present system of taxing the holder of real estate upon the entire assessed value of the property, and afterwards taxing the mortgagee on the amount of the mortgage which he holds against such property. We are well aware that, however much the system of taxation is simplified, it is still a delicate and difficult problem for solution, and that it would be next to impossible to draft a law that would be beyond the reach of criticism or hostility. There may, for instance, be a question as to the policy of making the holder of a mere lien on real estate constructively a joint owner of the property, although it is very proper to fix his liability for taxation on the property so affected.

This objection goes likewise to the equity of the matter, as well as to the mere policy of it. For it will of course be conceded that the holder of a mortgage has neither title nor interest in the property covered by the mortgage. Not even in the income which it yields has he any interest. He has no part in its management, either, and he is helpless to do anything to save it from injury and waste. The only condition he can exact of the mortgagor is that the latter shall comply strictly with the conditions of the mortgage. Therefore it seems ill-considered to treat the mortgage-owner as a joint-owner of the property mortgaged. By so doing, the former is put in different relations to the mortgagee from those written in the mortgage contract; and no statute is allowed to impair the inviolability of contracts.

In order to protect himself as far as possible in the first place, the mortgagee does not loan any more money on a piece of property than will be found in the property after all possible shrinkage of its value. He refuses to lend above a limit below which the property cannot depreciate. He wants to be sure of a stated security and a fixed return, and to do this he is willing to abandon the chances of a rise in the value of the property mortgaged. The owner of the property may be drawing twelve per cent income, while the holder of the mortgage is content with six. The law that makes him a joint-owner, therefore, takes from him a portion of the benefit he enjoys in freedom from risk, which is one of the elements of the mortgage contract.

Then again, the taxation of the real estate in question may be out of all proportion to the income derived by the mortgagee from it; in other words, as values decline taxation increases, and then the mortgagee is compelled to pay more tax than he expected to at the time of making the contract. And inasmuch, also, as the assessment of real estate has nothing to do, so to speak, with the income derived from it, the owner of it may be enjoying an income double the rate of interest received by the holder of the mortgage, while the latter is compelled to pay three-quarters of the tax imposed. Three-quarters of the tax and one-half of the income are not the right ratio in the light of justice and equity.

A great part of the trouble which is caused in this whole business springs from the unsatisfactory method of assessing property; and this trouble is likely to be increased by trying to divide it between two persons, who are the owners of different interests in it. Of the necessity for the utmost possible fairness and justice in making assessments there is no sort of question. The law before the Legislature has at least the merit of aiming at the reform which it chiefly needs. It is entirely wrong on the face of it, to compel the holder of an equity of five thousand dollars in a property worth ten thousand dollars to pay taxes on the whole ten thousand, and to tax the one who holds the five thousand dollar mortgage for five thousand dollars more on the same property.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE ALUMNI.

The Associated Alumni of the Massachusetts Agricultural College have submitted a series of statements to the public in connection with this institution, which merit its most considerate attention. They set out with the explanation that the college is not at this time asking for money, being out of debt; if it were seeking for aid, the proposal to unload it upon another institution would be timely and consistent. It now enjoys a sufficient income to do as good work in the future as it has done in the past. The proposition now made to the Legislature is this: after having contracted with the United States Government to support and maintain "at least one such college," and after having thus maintained it for seventeen years, for the State to turn it over to an older and wealthier institution. It becomes a serious question whether this would not be equivalent to the abrogation of the contract with the Federal Government. The Alumni declares that nothing is to be gained by an union with Amherst College, and give the reasons; she would not divert her own funds to the maintenance of the Agricultural College, and she has no professor of her own to spare.

They proceed to show that this course as proposed has proved a failure in other States, in spite of what is said to the contrary in the report of the retiring Governor and Council. If the Agricultural College of this State is a failure, why, they ask, did the Government of Japan select it as a model out of all the rest, and why has it been recognized by the authorities in England, France, Austria, and Switzerland? Then they go on to show what the college has done in educating farmers, and it is not to be disputed that the record is a good one. Likewise what it has done in experimental work, which is a record neither less brilliant nor useful. A list of experiments is embodied in the statement of the Alumni, and it is one that should be thoughtfully perused by every member of the Legislature. What it has saved the farmers of the State may not be so well known, but it is of sufficient importance to form a strong feature in a statement of this character. Among the chief benefits, however, is to be mentioned the law regulating the sale of commercial fertilizers. The claims of the Alumni, which are not wholly based on sentiment, form a fitting conclusion to a statement that should make a favorable impression on the mind of the public and the Legislature.

CONGRESS.

The bill for reviving the Court of Alabama claims and for the distribution of the Geneva award has been under discussion in the Senate, Messrs. Davis of Illinois, Edmunds, Thurman, Blaine and Garland participating. A minority report in the Fits John Porter case was presented by Senator Logan. Among the large number of bills introduced in the House is one authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue new bonds to holders of bonds that may become redeemable in 1881; also for the issue of additional coupons to holders of redeemable United States bonds; and another providing that no clause be inserted in any appropriation bill changing the existing law, except provisions reducing the amount of expenditures already provided for by law. The interoceanic canal question has come up in the Senate, on the motion to reconsider the vote appointing a committee to investigate the subject of a canal. The joint resolution providing for the appropriation of $20,000 to enable the United States to be represented at the Berlin fish exhibition next year, was passed through the Senate. A minority report was submitted in regard to the proposed restoration of Fitz John Porter to his rank in the army. A bill providing for general amnesty has been introduced in the House; a resolution has also been adopted calling on the President for all correspondence which has passed between this and foreign governments relative to our interoceanic canal.

LEGISLATURE.

A long debate has been up on the resolve providing for biennial State elections and biennial sessions of the Legislature. The amendment to prevent the disfranchisement of pauper soldiers and sailors was put over after discussion. A bill was reported for the control of telegraph and telephone lines. The telephone bill was passed in the Senate to be engrossed. Important modifications were made in the bill in favor of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The bill relating to the transfer of stocks and bonds by trustees was debated and placed in the orders for the following day. The savings banks commissioners, who have examined the accounts of county officers, make some severe strictures on the gross irregularities which they have discovered. A debate sprung up in the House on the bill making non-residents of the State eligible as overseers of Harvard College. An amendment was rejected providing that not more than one-fourth of the overseers shall be non-residents. Several adverse reports were brought in from committees. A remonstrance was received from the Hampden Agricultural Society, in opposition to the proposed transfer of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Petitions have been received in the House in favor of broad-rimmed wheels on heavily loaded wagons.

AGRICULTURAL BANKING.

A bill has been reported to the national House of Representatives by the Committee on Banking and Currency, authorizing national banks to make loans on real estate security to the extent of one-fourth of their capital and surplus. The report of the committee says it is a singular fact that in a country so largely agricultural, the wants of the agricultural interest are entirely ignored in our banking system, or, if not ignored, recognized only by prohibitory discriminations, which exclude the agriculturist from all benefits under the law. The farmer, though owning valuable lands, is denied by law all accommodations at the bank unless he can give personal security, while the holders of bonds or stocks find no difficulty in borrowing.

A., whose wealth consists in bonds, or railroad, manufacturing, or mining stocks can borrow money at the bank to enable him to enlarge his operations and increase his wealth, while B., with ten times his wealth in land, cannot borrow a dollar on it at the bank, because the law does not allow the loan to be made. It is not to be wondered at that this is being felt as an injustice, and that complaints are being made. It has been said that it seems to have been the theory that agriculture must shift for itself, and that commerce and the moneyed interests are alone entitled to the special consideration of the Federal Government.

The national bank act forbids the making of any loan on real estate securities; and thrifty farmers, who have only fertile fields to mortgage as security for their loans, are deprived of all accommodation at the national banks. Such a provision, in the opinion of the committee, is utterly repugnant to the genius of our people. To lay it down as an inflexible rule that agriculture should be excluded from deriving whatever benefit might, accrue to it from the possession of banking privileges, is to strike a blow not only at the honor and interests of a large class of our citizens, but at the general welfare of the whole country. In the South, and to a great extent in the West, the banks are now confronted with the fact that there is not enough commercial paper.

In consequence, there has been a falling off in the line of their discounts and loans, which has tended to depreciate the value of their stocks, and which will result in the closing up of some of them, unless this restriction is removed. If it is, and the farming classes are permitted to borrow upon real estate, which is their capital, it will eventually result in the reduction of the rate of interest, benefitting the banks and the people at the same time, since it may be confidently affirmed that increased business, with facilities for procuring money on safe securities, will produce reduced rates of interest. There can be, in the committee's opinion, no safer basis for loans, than real estate in agricultural sections. The shrinkage of real estate in the case of savings bank loans is discussed in this report in its proper place.

On this part of the subject the Report remarks that it has been said that the shrinkage in the value of real estate has been the source of great loss to savings banks, and it is suggested that similar consequences may follow the removal of this restriction on the national banks. But it is to be borne in mind that, at the time of these losses by savings banks, there was a general depreciation in all values, and that their loans were chiefly made on city real estate, which is much more fluctuating in value than farming lands; and besides, that disasters to the savings banks resulted rather from the mismanagement of the officers of those banks than from loans upon real estate. In the former, there is no security for those trusting them except in the fidelity and capacity of their officers. They manage other people's money. But in the case of the national banks, there is protection in the bonds deposited, and in the stringent requirements governing their administration. It may be safely assumed that the national banks can and will take care of their own interests. They manage their own money.

There is another side to this matter, of course. It is known to all managers of banks of deposit and discount that they could not with any safety to themselves keep their money, or by far the larger part of it, where it cannot be had on demand. That is why the banks give the preference to short-date paper. The rule is sixty or ninety days, the bills that run longer being the exception. The banks are at all times, too, liable to be called on for their deposits, for men want their idle money where they can put it to profitable use. The reserve system is the best evidence of the need they feel for their own constant protection.

The Proposed Grange Mass Meetings.—At the last meeting of the National Grange P. of H., held at Canandaigua, N. Y., in November, her last, initiatory steps were taken toward the holding of mass meetings of the Patrons of Husbandry during the current year, in each State of the Union where there was a disposition among the local granges to co-operate with the movement. Accordingly, the State Grange of Massachusetts, at its annual meeting in December last, voted that a special committee of three be appointed to co-operate with the State Executive Committee in arranging the details of such meetings as might be contemplated for New England. The names of the executive committee are, Benjamin P. Ware, of Salem, *Chairman*; Henry Noble of Pittsfield, Dr. C. S. Allen of Barre. The names of the special committee of co-operation are, Geo. Noyes of the *Ploughman*, *Chairman*; M. L. Smith of Northampton, A. W. Warren of Greenfield.

Correspondence between the above committee and the masters of the State Granges of New England resulted in the holding of a meeting at Nashua, N. H., on Monday, 9th inst., at which it was voted to hold three meetings in each of the New England States. The meetings for Massachusetts will be held at Pittsfield, Greenfield and Worcester. Those of New Hampshire, at Manchester and vicinity. Those of Maine, at Portland, Lewiston and Waterville. Places for holding the meetings in the other States was not decided upon. Hon. J. J. Woodman, Master of the National Grange, and other leading officials, will address these meetings, the date of which will be announced hereafter.

The American Agricultural Society.—At the recent meeting of the executive committee of the American Agricultural Society, at Washington, D. C., Mr. James H. Reall, the Secretary, resigned his office, and Mr. Ben. Perley Poore, Secretary of the old United States Agricultural Society, was elected to fill the vacancy. It is generally understood that a consolidation of these two Societies will be brought about at a day not very distant, and to that end the officers of the new "American Agricultural Association" will be the officers of the two Societies when consolidated. It would seem to be the part of wisdom thus to unite organizations which together are capable of performing much larger and more effective service than either one alone. As the pioneer, entitled to wear the title of venerable, the old United States Society would most appropriately reinforce the younger and more vigorous organization with its longer and riper experience, and contribute that important element of maturity to the latter which would enrich it with an essential endowment of coveted qualities. The negotiations are reported to be proceeding satisfactorily.

Gen. Banks at the Waltham Farmers' Club Festival.—In his speech at this festival, which was necessarily adjourned by reason of last week's storm, Gen. Banks referred to the distressed condition of different quarters of the globe in regard to the bread product, and remarked that a French journal stated recently that the whole wheat product of the world was 940,000,000 bushels. Of this, he said, 434,000,000 bushels were produced in the United States in 1879, and the prospects for 1880 indicate a crop of 502,000,000 of wheat and of at least 2,500,000,000 bushels of all kinds of grain. In 1870, according to the census, there were 14,000,000 male, and the same number of females in this country and of this number 6,000,000 were farmers. Upon the products of the farm depend the growth of the world. America would always be able to furnish the other nations of the world with food. They have learned to eat our bread and taste our beef, and they know that the best of everything can be raised in this country. We want this market of the world, and have this year sent 200,000,000 bushels, or more, of grain out of this country. The world is open to us and we can extend our trade as much in this direction as we please. Our commerce has been swept from the seas, and every bushel of this grain has been carried in foreign vessels under a foreign flag, but this will not be long allowed. In 1856 we were gaining on Great Britain in tonnage; now we have got nothing. The war was in part to blame for this. Now, however, Providence has opened a way for this country to regain its commercial prominence.

The Cost of the Transportation of Milk is a subject which was considered by the railroad commissioners Wednesday, Feb. 11, when a hearing was given persons on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad, who complain that one man or company is given the exclusive right of milk transportation, so that the milk producers are forced to sell to these same contractors. Consequently many of them have been driven from the business. Since the law of last winter was passed, applicat on has been made to the superintendent of the road for transportation independently of the contractors' car, but has failed on account of the exorbitant prices charged for the accommodation. The petitioners ask if it costs six or seven cents per can to transport milk, why should it not cost the contractors the same.

Diseases of Domestic Animals.—A bill of much importance to farmers and stock-raisers was introduced into Congress this week, creating a commission to investigate diseases of domestic animals. It provides for three commissioners, with individual salaries of $4000, and a clerk at a salary of $2000. It is declared in the provisions of the measure that one of the commissioners shall be a veterinary surgeon, and another a practical stock-raiser, and the third a business man well versed in the subjects to be investigated. Their duty will be to ascertain the origin of contagious diseases among animals, together with the best means of preventing their introduction and dissemination. The commissioners are to report annually to the Secretary of the Treasury, who, on their advice, is to prescribe such rules and regulations as shall effect the purpose of the act.

A Bankrupt Law.—The advocates of a new bankrupt law for the United States were granted a hearing this week before a sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, and, among others, Mr. John Stetson of Boston addressed the committee, explaining the features of the bankrupt law desired by the merchants of Boston. He was requested to perfect a bill in accordance with his views, and to present it as soon as possible. He returned to this city from Washington to remain here for about two weeks. It is understood that he will secure the aid of prominent jurists in drafting such a law as, according to expectation, can be adopted by the committee and reported favorably to the House.

THE FLORIDA ORANGE GROVES.—We have received some delicious oranges from Dr. W. C. H. Needham, who with his family spends his winters in the neighborhood of Jacksonville, Florida. The Dr. is cultivating a fine orange grove, and gives close attention to the raising and pruning of his trees. The Florida oranges command the highest prices in northern markets.

ABOUT GRANT.—The book by this title, written by John L. Swift, and published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, has created a genuine sensation in the literary and political world, and will doubtless have an important bearing on the selection of the next presidential candidate. It is in small compass, but written in the terse, vigorous and pointed style of its author, who is one of the most felicitous of stump speakers. It will have a wide circulation and popularity.

☞ *How to Educate the Feelings or Affections*, is a duodecimo, issued by S. R. Wells & Co., New York, edited from the London edition, by Charles Bray. It is a carefully prepared educational work, based on the science of phrenology, and discusses in a liberal spirit from that standpoint the subject of bringing the dispositions, aspirations and passions into harmony with sound intelligence and morality. It is full of valuable and practical ideas, and has many characteristic illustrations.

The Iowa House of Representatives, on Monday, after voting down the amendments providing for local option for a license, and for the exception of ale, beer, wine and cider, adopted, by a vote of 78 to 21, a special order submitting to the popular vote the Constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale or manufacture in Iowa of alcholic liquors.

☞ Shipments of American hay to England have resulted in remunerative returns. It is quite likely that the low rates of steamer freight now offered may stimulate the export trade in baled hay.

READ AND RUN.

—The grand jury of Suffolk County, on complaint of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, indicted the New York and New England Railroad Company for permitting fifty hogs to remain in a car for more than thirty hours, on the 8th of December last.

—The deaths in Boston last week numbered 141.

—Among the new members of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society elected at its meeting in this city on Saturday last, were Dr. George B. Loring and Gen. B. F. Butler.

—A party of Boston sportsmen has gone down to North Carolina on a hunting excursion. They were well equipped with dogs and guns, and expect to be in the woods some two weeks, and bring home large store of turkey and quail.

—St. Michael's Church Society at Marblehead celebrated, on Friday of last week, the 100th anniversary of the reopening of their church, after it had been closed during the Revolution.

—A bill for regulating the practice of medicine is before the Legislature for its consideration.

—A short session for business men will be held at St. Paul's Church, in this city, during Lent, Saturdays excepted, from 12 to 12½ M.

—The resident alumni of Bowdoin College enjoyed their annual dinner at Young's Hotel, on Wednesday evening.

—The first strawberries of the season were received in this market on Monday, which was a very cold day, and were for sale at $1.25 to $1.50 per box. Asparagus is also selling at the same figures per bunch.

—The Geneva award bill is under discussion in the United States Senate, and excites considerable interest among the lawyers.

—Major Reno, having by a court-martial been condemned to dismissal from the army, has asked permission to resign instead.

—Gonzales, the young fellow who made the recent attempt to assassinate the King of Spain, has been sentenced to death. He had previously asked for pardon of the king.

—The Waltham Farmers' Club celebrated its annual festival in Rumford Hall, Waltham, on Monday evening last.

—The Boston Turnverein gave a fancy ball in Turn halle on Monday night. It was a grotesque make-up.

—The freight traffic southward through Concord, N. H., last week, is reported to be the heaviest yet known.

—Copper stocks are the leading topics for speculation, just now, in the Boston stock market.

—The amount of business now brought before Congress is described as unprecedented.

—The Royal Theatre of Dublin was totally destroyed by fire last Monday, six persons losing their lives.

—The ice men are encouraged over the prospects of the present week.

—Our theatres are all doing a lively business this season.

—The whipping-post is regularly used for the correction of culprits in Delaware, without regard to color.

—The Irish societies in the several cities of this country have resolved not to parade on St. Patrick's Day this year, but to devote the customary expenses to the relief of their kin and countrymen in the Old Country.

—An interesting debate on the interoceanic canal is expected to occur in Congress.

—The question of interstate commerce regulation is greatly exercising the wits of Congressmen.

—Just as the ice men go to digging ice, the coal men in Pennsylvania go to digging coal.

—Another political crisis is threatened in France, and the Cabinet is expected to resign.

—The Pope has recovered from his recent indisposition.

—The City Government has appointed a committee to request the attention of Congress to the matter of our harbor defences. The Boston Board of Trade and the New York Chamber of Commerce have likewise turned their attention in the same direction.

—The South Boston Iron Company is said to be the only establishment which can produce the heaviest guns such as are now in general use abroad.

—The Boston Art Club is about to purchase land with a view to the erection of a new Club House.

—It is proposed to commemorate the present year by the publication of a memorial history of Boston, including the county of Suffolk.

—The amnesty bill is provoking much discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies.

—An eruption of Mount Vesuvius began last Saturday.

—One of the ships of the Russian volunteer fleet is to be sent with a commissioner to gather information for the development of the trade with China, Japan and the United States.

—Conant, the defaulting cashier of the Eliot Bank, in this city, was convicted of the crime on Saturday last.

—The total value of the exports from this port last week was $144,398.

—The aspect of affairs in Europe is so warlike that a feeling of anxiety prevades the foreign legations at Washington.

—The number of the living graduates of Brown University is some two thousand.

—The Iowa House of Representatives has passed a constitutional amendment, by a hand some majority, that is to make women eligible to the Legislature.

—According to that eminent piscatorial authority, Seth Green, fish talk. We should like to know what they say.

—Senator David Davis is said to own six thousand acres of improved land in Illinois.

—Chicago merchants are moving for direct importation, or the entire abolition of entry at the seaboard.

—A clergyman at Troy has had a present of a sword. Possibly it was a fish, if the story is a conundrum.

—Mr. J. G. Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, has given $100,000, for the relief of the suffering and starving poor in Ireland.

—Extravagance is reported to be especially prevalent in Paris this year.

—The speculators have their greedy eyes at this time upon Texas.

—In some departments of the general merchandise market, business continues on a very liberal scale.

—Money continues very easy in the Boston market, on first class collateral securities.

—It is estimated that over $200,000,000 have been added to the actual circulation of the country in the past year.

—Counterfeit five dollar gold pieces are being extensively circulated in San Francisco.

—Abbott, the alleged Ayer murderer, has been bound over for trial before the Superior Court.

—To-Day (Saturday) is Valentine's Day, but not so much is thought of it as used to be.

—A town meeting in Amherst voted to memorialize the Legislature in opposition to the union of the Agricultural College with Amherst College.

—Capt. Atcherson, of Westminster, the veteran fox-hunter of Vermont, has caught and collected more furs of various kinds during this season than in any of the forty years of his experience. He has recently sold $3,000 worth to a Boston firm.

—The remains of Miss Dolly Hartman of Pittsburg, Pa, were cremated at the Washington furnace in that State, in accordance with the last expressed wishes of the deceased.

—The second trial of Charles Demond for embezzling the funds of the Home Missionary Society, in this city, is expected to proceed next week.

—The will of Miss Sprague, of Providence, is to be contested by her relatives, on the ground that they should have been, all of them, remembered in it.

—Somebody now takes the trouble to say that an inspector of machinery should go *in cog*.

—A writer, who says he lived in Naples all the time from 1870 to 1878, asserts that he found all through that period that the molten lava in the crater of Vesuvius rose and fell with the phases of the moon. At the time of the new moon, the lava almost disappeared from the crater.

—It is always to be borne in mind that in wood of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil on which they grow.

—This market is at present having a supply of quail from the West.

—The Indians are said to have an idea in their heads that reservation and starvation mean about the same thing.

—The trouble now appears to be that the thermometer cannot get used to the cold weather, which is the reason why it does not last any longer.

—The late Adolph Borie, once Secretary of the Navy, left Gen. Grant ten thousand dollars in his last will.

—Ex-Commissioner Hoyt, of the Indian Bureau, publishes a defence of his acts.

—The galeties of the social season are now all over, in view of Lent.

—The Boston School Board has reelected Dr. Samuel Eliot, Superintendent of Schools.

—Prince Bismarck is to open the German Parliament, in place of the Emperor.

—A large number of American young men are attracted to Berlin University as Students.

—The death of Gen. George Sykes is announced at Brownsville, Texas.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Shall we Drive Slow Poison from our Breakfast Table?—More about the Adulteration of Baking Powders.—The Subject Discussed before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga.

A nuisance that troubled Europe fifty years ago is beginning to attract attention here—that is, putting alum in the bread we eat. The bread must be "light" or that it may be digested; that is, it must be filled by the well-known cells we are accustomed to see in it. Bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, or tartaric acid, are the usual constituents of a good baking powder. Cream of tartar sells at from sixty cents to eighty-five cents a pound. This high price has led "cheap baking powders" to be made of alum, as a substitute for some or all of the cream of tartar. Alum will make bread look whiter, so that bakers can make an inferior flour salable as bread by its use; and they use it, in some places calling it "rock," so that no inadvertent expression may let "outsiders" known that alum is used. Alum is an injurious article to the human constitution in large quantities, or in small quantities often repeated. It is the small quantities, taken every meal, that do the mischief in bread. Alum is cheap—three cents a pound—to the pocket, but it takes what is so saved out of the stomach, and takes it with fearful interest. Alum is an astringent, and is used by dyers and others for that purpose as such. Taken frequently on the human stomach, it produces heartburn, indigestion, griping, constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred troubles resulting from irritation of the mucuous properties of alum. All these are nice things to be inflicted on the bread eaten morning, noon and evening. To young children, growing girls, persons of weakly frame and sedentary occupations, this alum bread is poison most especially. If the reader wants to know something of alum let him suck a lump of it, notice its effect upon the mouth, which is something like that of an unripe persimmon; then let him reflect how it acts upon the tender, delicate coats of the stomach. Dr. Henry A. Mott, the celebrated analytical chemist, analyzed twenth-three of the baking powders most in use and found alum in all but one. It is time we took measures to stop this bread-poisoning that kills our little ones and perpetuates dyspepsia and cholera.

Dr. Mott, in his review of the subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and found it composed of wholesome materials. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking powder as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analysis of many samples that the worst adulterations are practiced in this form. The label and trade mark of a well known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have. Prof. Angell in his paper recently read before the Social Science Association at Saratoga, said that much timely alarm is felt on account of the gross adulterations of Baking Powders; that eminent physicians have been consulted, and that it appears that more than 500 alum Baking Powders are manufactured in America; that the price of alum is less than three cents a pound, while cream of tartar costs more than thirty cents; that the makers of these powders substitute alum for cream of tartar in part or altogether, and the result is the numerous disorders of the human system.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors, or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in the simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and and have good health. See another column.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC and PULMONARY complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," manifest remarkable curative properties. Like all other meritorious articles, they are frequently imitated, and those purchasing should be sure to obtain the genuine "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."

$3.00 MADE FROM 25 CENTS.

25 cents' worth of Gilt-Edge Butter Maker will increase product and market value produced $3.00. Gives butter a rich golden color the year round. Increases quality 20 per cent. Prevents butter from becoming rancid. Makes July, August and Winter butter equal to best June product. Sold only in boxes, by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Syracuse Chilled Plow for stony land.

☞ Pure Blood the absolute necessity of health. The marvellous results of "Hood's Sarsaparilla" upon all humors and low conditions of the blood (as proven by the cures effected) prove it the best blood medicine. Such has been the experience of those that have used it in every family in whole neighborhoods have been taking it at the same time. It eradicates scrofula, vitalizes and enriches the blood, thereby restoring and renovating the whole system. feb7-4t

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAB, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 13

☞ Chew Jackso n's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

BETTER TIMES.

The business revival and new era of prosperity which has commenced are in keeping with the increased health and happiness all over the land resulting from the general introduction of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. "The changes wrought by this remedy," says Rev. Dr. Harvey, "seem but little less than miraculous."

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dec20

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 2d, by Rev. J. T. Duryea, Winslow P. Nudd of Groton to Hannah F. Gbar of Dover, N. H.

In Arlington, Feb. 1st, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, William H. Copeland to Margaret J. De Rosa, both of Boston.

In Concord, Mass., Feb. 9th, by Rev. G. Reynolds, Charles H. Bartlett, U. S. Navy, to Mary Adelia Allison of Concord.

In Taunton, Feb. 4th, Walter E. Cook to Miss Mary L. Sawyer.

In Providence, Feb. 10th, by Rev. C. A. L. Richards, Sydney Frederick Tyler of this city to Mary Woodrow, daughter of William Binney, Esq., of Providence, R. I.

In New York, Feb. 8th, by Rev. Edward C. Houghton, Alfred S. Goodwin of Boston to Emma A. Ely of New York.

DEATHS.

In this city, Feb. 6th, Henry Pratt, 87 years.

In this city, Feb. 9th, Mrs. Eliza, widow of the late John Child, Esq., 84 years 3 months.

In this city, Feb. 10th, James A. White, 43 years 3 months 11 days.

In this city, Feb. 11th, William Crosby, 39 years.

In this city, Feb. 10th, James P. Wheeler, formerly of Eastport, Me.

In this city, Feb. 9th, John J. Clark, 45 years 5 months 16 days.

In Harrison Square, Mass., Feb. 10th, Elizabeth Nichols Lathrop, widow of Clark Cutting, 66 years.

In Medford, Feb. 11th, of paralysis, Emeline, wife of Eben Stone, 57 years.

In North Brighton, Mass., Feb. 10th, Mrs. Mary Mason, 86 years.

In Andover, Feb. 11th, Francis Cogswell, 80 yrs.

In Bethlehem, N. H., Feb. 8th, Rebecca, wife of John S. Blandin.

In Cambridgeport, Jan. 29th, Nathaniel Jenkins, eighty-three years.

In Great Falls, N. H., Jan. 30th, Orn H. Emery of Boston, 34 years 3 months.

In Laramie City, W. T., Feb. 6, Mr. Herbert Kennedy, formerly of South Framingham, 32 years.

In Provincetown, Feb. 11th, Adeline, wife of the late Eben S. Smith, 74 years.

In Chester, N. H., Feb. 10th, Mrs. Sophia White, widow of the late John While, Esq., 91 years 8 months 9 days.

In Charlestown District, Feb. 8th, Willard Knowles, 72 years 8 months.

In Dedham, Feb. 10th, Howard M., oldest son of J. E. and Mary E. Chapman, 17 yrs. 4 mos. 13 dys.

In Randolph, Feb. 10th, of paralysis, Elvira B., widow of the late Ezra S. Conant, 74 years.

In Chelsea, Feb. 9th, Rachel W., wife of Hon. Eben Hutchinson, 43 years 9 days.

In Medford, Feb.

Directory Column.

PROMINENT BUSINESS HOUSES IN BOSTON.

The Business Houses appearing under the several classifications in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
AARON B. GAY & CO., 130 State St.

APOTHECARIES.
F. BRADBURY, 443 Washington St.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.
Bosworth Bro's & Howland, 76 Wash'n St

BEEF, Etc.
E. J. COPELAND, 20 & 72 F. H. Market
W. CROSBY, 60 Fan. Hall Market
A. D. HOLMES, (wholesale) 40 N. Market

WHOLESALE PROVISIONS.
CHARLES DAVIS & CO., 32 N. Mark't St.

BEEF AND PORK.
HOLDEN & GILDDEN, 49 F. H. Market

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.
KELLEY & PEIRCE, 31 N. Market St.
LYON, REYNOLDS & CO., 26 Blackstone St.
SWIFT BROS. & CO., Cellar, 3 F.H. Mk't.
BENTON, CAVERLY & CO., 7 N. Market.
J. W. HANDALL, 9 Nor. Market St.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.
J. F. Hutchinson & Co., 177 & 179 So. Market.
Harrison Aldrich, 112 So. Market St.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
A. J. BOWEN, 41 Tremont Street.
100 P. PHILLIPS, 23 Tremont Row.
A. LINCOLN, 9 Tremont Row.

BAGS AND TRUNKS.
J. J. FITLER, 26 Avon St.

BIBLES & SUNDAY SCH'L SUPPLIES
W. L. HASTINGS, 42 Cornhill.

COFFEE AND TEA.
ARMOUR & CO., 25 Union St.
ORIENTAL TEA CO., 83 to 89 Court St.

NEW & SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES AND HARNESSES.
A. STEW ART, 116, 118 & 120 Sudbury St.

COMMISSION PRODUCE.
ALTHEA CONDEY, 138 Blackstone St.
HAMLIN BRO & CO., 108 So. Market St.

CROCKERY CHINA AND GLASS.
ADAM FRENCH & CO., 89 Franklin.
MORRISON & MILLER, 22 North. Row.
MORRISON, FROST & CO., 14 & 8 Market
R. P. CALDWELL, 217 Tremont St.

DRY GOODS.
Rice, Brooks & Taylor, 477 & 481 Wash'n St.
J. HOVEY & CO., 35 summer Street.
RAY, GILCHRIST & CO., 7 Winter St.
SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO., 79 Winter St.

DYE HOUSES.
HALDEN DYE HOUSE, 8 Hanover St.

DRY & PICKLED SALT FISH.
FRANKLIN SNOW & CO., 176 Atlantic Avenue, (Head of T Wharf).

EXTRACTS AND COLOGNES.
JOS. BURNETT & CO., 22 Central.

ENGRAVINGS CHROMOS, Etc.
HALE, MEYER & CO., 64 Wash. St.

PAINTS, OILS, Etc.
Wadsworth Bros. & Howland, 76 Wash'n.
A. CELLER & CO., 142 Milk Street.
HUTCHINSON BROS., 33 & 37 Broad Street.
J. R. READ, 24 India Street.

PIANO FORTES.
WOODWARD & BROWN, N. 592 Wash'n
CHICKERING & SONS, 156 Tremont.
C. C. MAGE, 367 Washington St.
CHAS. H. LUD & CO., 616 Wash. St.
GUILD, CHURCH & CO., 602 Wash. St
H. W. BERRY, (Branch & Bach, 181 Washington St. (and Geo. Steck,)

KNABE PIANOS.
E. W. TYLER, (Brother & Son) 508 Washington St

PARLOR STOVES—STOVES AND RANGES.
W. H. HERVEY & CO., 5 Union St.

READY MIXED & ROOFING PAINTS.
The National Paint Co., 22 Oliver St.

RESTAURANTS.
FRANK H. ENGALLS, 22 Milk St.
JOSIAH BAILEY & SON, 8 N. Market St.
E. G. PARR, 125 Causeway St.

RUBBER GOODS.
NORTHERN RUBBER CO., 29 Milk
ALFRED HALL & CO., 300 Wash'n St.

STOVES AND RANGES.
Brooks & Walleridge Bros., 151 Hanover St.

SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, &c
CHADWICK LEAD WORKS, 175 Duchess St.
BOSTON LEAD MF'G CO., 26 Oliver St.

TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, ELASTIC Stockings for Varicose Veins, Hearing Trumpets and Apparatus, Milking Tubes and Instruments for Cattle.
CODMAN & SHUTTLEFF, 13 Tremont

TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS AND FANCY GOODS.
C. F. COOK & CO., 12 Winter St.

VARNISH MAKERS.
J. E. BAKER, 24 India Street.
JOHN HARCOCK & CO., 2 Liberty Sq.

WHITE LEAD, COLORS, VARNISHES.
POORE, TOWNE & CO., 20 India St.
CHARLES RICHARDSON & CO., 83 Oliver St.
C. T. FOLSOM & CO., 34 India St.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN UNION
Reading Rooms, Library, Study, Gymnasium, Union Coffee Room, 18 Boylston St.

YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
Reading Room, Parlor, Library, Lectures, Gymnasium, &c. $1.00 per year.

Dr. Kennedy's Prairie Weed is warranted to cure every cough from the worst Consumption down to the slightest tickling in the throat. No matter what causes the cough the Prairie Weed will cure it. Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and all the weakness of the Throat and Lungs yield to this new remedy. The Prairie Weed is not used in any other medicine, and is the only cure for the most desperate cases of Consumption, Kidney troubles and nervous prostration. Few people know how much worse a cough is from a weak state of the nerves; the Prairie Weed cures both troubles at once, and a single dose, smooth, clear, and easy stomach to the throat, and nerves, and new hopes and new life. Full directions on every bottle. Price 1,00. Sold by druggists. Made by Donald Kennedy, Roxbury, Mass. feb14-4t

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing extraordinary remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a great wrong. There are some advertised remedies that are worth all that is asked for them, and one of these we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such cases as we have most of the year in Bay State, and has always found them to be first-class in every reliable, doing all that is claimed for them.—Tribune.

NEWS SUMMARY.

The remains of Miss Dolly Hartman were cremated at Washington, Pa., on Saturday.

The French steamer Valentine, Cardiff for Dieppe, has foundered, and sixteen persons were drowned.

William F. Brooks of Milford, Conn., has just died from an ulcerated tooth, the glands of which swelled so as to prevent breathing.

Jesse Whitmore, machine tender in the Montague paper mill at Turner's Falls, was killed Tuesday morning, being caught in some shafting.

Carl Shults of Collinsville, Conn., while pulling down the ruins of a house on Friday was instantly killed by falling timbers. He leaves a wife and three children.

Joseph Balbuc pleaded guilty of the murder of James J. Norris of Bradley, Me., Tuesday, and Judge Peters passed a life sentence upon him Wednesday afternoon.

At a town meeting Saturday afternoon in Amherst it was voted to send a memorial to the Legislature, opposing the union of the Mass. Agricultural College with Amherst College.

A little son of George Curtis of Bridgeport, Conn., was hit in the head by a wooden ball thrown by a playmate last Friday and died from the effects of the blow on Wednesday.

Mrs. Dillingham of Londonderry, N. H., who was shot and strangled by her brutal nephew last Saturday, died Tuesday. The report that the murderer had made a confession is contradicted.

Mr. Curtis Doane, of Provincetown, Mass., aged about 75 years, fell on the ice early Tuesday morning on Court street, near his home, striking his head and dying almost immediately from the injury.

An explosion of boilers in the Canada Paper Company's mills at Windsor, Que., occurred Tuesday morning. Three men were badly, perhaps fatally, injured and two killed. The pulp-mill took fire and was destroyed.

Col. E. S. Stowell has recently sold his entire flock of merino sheep to Cyrus Jennings of Hortonsville, Vt., for the sum of six thousand dollars. There were ninety in the flock. Middlebury sent forty-four carloads of merino sheep away last year.

Mrs. Eleanor McCrae of Keene, N. H., slipped and fell in the house last Friday and died of the shock on Monday. She was nearly 94 years old. She was married in 1812, her husband entering the American army soon after, and dying three years ago, aged 90.

John Anderson of Framingham died recently from the effects of falling from a load of logs. He was formerly incarcerated in the Massachusetts State Prison for burning buildings in Ashland. While in prison he was offered a pardon but refused it and completed his full sentence.

Horace E. Smith, a soldier in the late war, son of S. C. Smith of East Clarendon, Vt., was killed by a tree falling upon him while felling timber in the woods at Belle Prairie, Minn., Jan. 26. His age was 33 years. He went West last spring.

The Smithsonian Institute has received the announcement of the discovery by M. Palisa, at Pola, Feb. 6, of a planetoid of the twelfth magnitude in 10 hours 23 minutes right ascension, and 8 degrees 31 minutes north declination, with a daily motion of six minutes north.

Miss Jennie Durand of Stepney, Conn., sustained serious injuries by a carriage accident Monday. Her spine was injured and she remained unconscious five hours. She is the same young woman who was struck by lightning and nearly killed last summer at the church in Stepney.

At Eaton, Me., a few days ago five men were knocked down by a mad bull before he could be dispatched, and one of them, a young man named Haraman, was gored in the abdomen so severely that fears are entertained of his death. The animal had escaped from Carter Jenness, who was leading it to the barn of Mr. John Woods.

Leroy E., aged 11 years, son of D. B. Merrill of Belfast, Me., died last week, it is said, from the effects of poison caused by wearing flannel. The flannel was made into drawers, and where the garment touched the body, from the feet to the waist, the skin was a mass of blisters.

Official dispatches have been received giving further details of the recent hurricane in the Phillipine Islands. Twenty-five vessels of various classes were wrecked, including four foreign frigates. A large number of other vessels were damaged. Forty-six persons were drowned.

Andrew Smith, for twelve years Treasurer of the town of North Andover, Tuesday confessed to having appropriated to his own use the funds of the town, and delivered himself into custody. He is now in jail at Andover awaiting bonds, which have been placed at $30,000.

The State Normal School at San Jose, California, was burned Tuesday morning; loss $250,000.—The City Hall at Albany, N. Y., was burned Tuesday morning; six firemen were injured, one fatally; most of the valuable papers were saved.—A cotton mill at Prattville, Ala., was burned Tuesday; loss $100,000.

Capt. Ed Richardson of Fitchburg, Mass., recently discovered that the brass ball on one horn of a five-years-old cow was missing, and a search in the crib revealed the fact that the entire horn down to the first wrinkle had been shed. The new horn is so perfect that the captain at first supposed that the brass ball had dropp'd off. The remaining horn is now going through the same process.

Aaron McKenney of Saco, Me., died suddenly on Friday evening at the age of 102 years. He was in full possession of his faculties to the last moment and conversed with his friends within an hour of his death. He was possessed of remarkable firmi ess of purpose and conducted his own business affairs to the last day of his life.

The number of buildings erected in Boston during the year 1879, for which permits were granted, amounted to 822; in addition thereto were granted 3316 permits for repairs, additions, alterations, boilers, etc., making an increase of forty per cent. over the n mber of permits granted in 1878. The permits issued last month are ten per cent. in excess over the number issued in January, 1879.

That part of the City Hall, Albany, N. Y., occupied by the County Clerk's office was discovered on fire early Tuesday morning and was thought to have been extinguished. It subsequently broke out again, burning intensely. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the roofs supporting the immense dome, fell in with a terrible crash, leaving the four marble walls standing intact. Six firemen were injured during the fire, one fatally. Most of the papers were saved, but the library in the County Court Room was destroyed.

A dispatch from Dublin dated midnight says one woman and seven men were killed and thirteen workmen and firemen seriously injured by the burning of the Theatre Royal. Everything in the building was consumed, including a large and costly wardrobe. The theatre took fire about 1 o'clock from a light in the hands of a boy lighting the gas. Most of the employes were at dinner, and the flames spread rapidly. Manager Egerton lost his life by remaining too long in the building in an effort to arrest the flames.

Henry G. Vennor, the Canadian weather prophet, says:—The second cold period in February will reach us on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th days. This, it is probable, will be extremely cold along the valley of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, northern United States, and to the westward. February will certainly end cold. The second heavy snow storm of the month should, by my theory, come on us about the 15th, and this bids fair to be heavy, with drifts and fairly cold weather. We have yet to get our heaviest snow-falls of the winter, and some of these are certain to extend through March. Up to the 15th the weather should be moist.

AN OLD LADY'S GRATITUDE.

A lady 70 years of age expresses great gratitude for the benefit she has derived from Warner's Safe Bitters, and declares her belief that the remedy is a certain specific for dyspepsia.

GOOD NEWS TO AGENTS.—*Best-selling documents yet given to Men and Women on our NEW SUBSCRIPTION BOOK.* Map of U. States, World, Bible Maps and Charts. Send for Circulars at once, to 61 Cornhill, Boston, or Concord, N. H. D. L. GUERNSEY, General Manager for New England. feb14-4t

25 Cent per Bushel Seed

IN raising Wheat. For Illustrated Pamphlet giving full particulars and prices, Address THE THOMAS HARROW CO., Geneva, N. Y. feb14-eow-4t

30 SUPERB Snowflake, Chromo, Marble, etc. Cards 10c, Outfit 10c. L. A. VICK, Arbela, Mich. feb14 13t

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Fund, January 1, 1878, over $370,000 Surplus over re-insurance $160,000. All losses paid in full. Dividends paid on every expiring policy; 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years and 20 per cent. on all others.

None but the safer classes of property written.

ISRAEL W. MONROE, *President.*
CHAS. A. HOWLAND, *Secretary.*

BOSTON OFFICE,
NO. 27 STATE STREET.
Local Agencies in every town. jan3

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour.—There is rather more doing in flour, but prices are unaltered. We quote supers at $3 @$5 25, with little doing; common extras are selling at $5 50@6 00, and Wisconsin and Minnesota spring wheats range from $6 75@7 25, the latter price for fancy bakers' brands. Winter wheat flours range from $6 50@7 00 for Ohio and Michigan; $6 75@7 25 for Indiana; St. Louis at $7 25@7 75; Illinois at $7 00@7 75; winter wheat patent at $7 00@8 75 for common to choice; fancy spring wheat patents at $7 50 @ 9 ₰ bbl. These are Exchange prices for lots, and not those at which jobbers sell at.

Corn.—The market is dull, with sales of new high mixed at 60c ₰ bush, and 62c would be an outside price for old corn, unless it was choice extra yellow.

Oats.—The market is dull at 47c ₰ bush for No 2 mixed; 48c for No 2 white; 49c for No 2 white, and No 1 white has been sold from elevator at 50¢, while choice extra white would bring 52@53c.

Mill Feed.—Sales of shorts to arrive have been made at $21, and on the spot at $21 50 ₰ ton. Feed and middlings are nominal, as there are none offering.

Dressed Hogs.—The market is firm for Western dressed hogs at 6¢@6¼c, and city dressed are selling at 6¼@6¾c ₰ lb

Poultry and Game.—Market firm for turkeys at 12@13¢ for choice Western, and 14@ 15c for choice Northern. Chickens sell at 14@ 15c for fresh Northern, and 8@11c for choice Western. Ducks are not plenty, and sell at 9@ 11c; Geese at 8@10c; Quail at $2 50 ₰ dozen, and Grouse at $1 25 ₰ pair.

Vegetables.—We quote good stock potatoes at 50@55c for Eastern Rose and Prolifics, with rather more demand for Rose. Northern stock sells at 50c. Jacksons at 40@45c. Onions at $3 75 ₰ bbl.

Apples and Cranberries.—There is a steady market for apples at $2 75@3 00 ₰ bbl for No 1, and $1 75@2 25 ₰ bbl for No 2. Cranberries are selling in small quantities at $7 00@ 9 00 ₰ bbl.

Beans.—We quote choice pea beans at $1 80 @1 90 ₰ 100 lbs for Northern, and $1 75@1 85 for Western; mediums at $1 50@1 60 for choice, and good at $1 45@1 50; yellow eyes at $2 10@ 2 25 for common and improved.

Hay and Straw.—There is an ample supply of common hay, and the market is dull, but prime lots sell more readily, and the market is steady for the best hay. Straw is dull, with light sales. We quote swale hay at $9 00; common at $13 00@14 00 ₰ ton; medium at $15 00 @16 00, and prime at $16 00@17 00 ₰ ton, the latter price for a fancy lot. Straw at $23 00 for rye and $11 00 per ton for oat.

Sugar.—Raw is quiet; we note sales of Matanzas at 7¾c per lb. We quote fair to good refining at 7¼@7¾c per lb. Refined in better demand at ¼c decline. We quote standard cube at 9¾c; powdered at 9¾c; granulated at 9¾c; confectioners' A at 9¾c; standard A at 9¾c; yellow C at 7⅞ @8¼c, and golden yellow C at 7¾c per lb.

Molasses.—Porto Rico, old, common to good at 30@33c; do, prime to choice at 42@48c; do, new at 50@53c; Barbadoes, old, at 33@35c, and Cienfuegos, new, at 35@38c per gal.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

There is more demand for hog products. Pork is quite firm and there has been a moderate demand for small lots. Lard is firmer, owing to an advance West. Smoked hams remain firm, and the trade are buying in lots as wanted for present use. There is a fair trade in beef at our quotations. We quote pork at $11 50@12 00 per bbl for extra prime; $13 50@14 00 for mess do; short cut clear at $15 00@15 50; long cut do at $14 50@15 00, and backs at $15 50@16 00. Lard at 7¾@8c per lb. Smoked Hams at 9¢@9¢ per lb. Beef extra mess at $10 50@11 00; extra plate and family at $12 50@13 00. Napbey's kettle rendered leaf lard at 10¼c per lb for 2-lb pails, 10¼c for 3-lb do, 10c for 5-lb ₰c for 10-lb, and 10¾c for 1-lb cups. Fairbank's kettle rendred leaf lard at 10¼c for 3-lb pails, 10c for 5-lb do, 9¾c for 10-lbs do, 10¾c for 1-lb cups, 11c for 1-lb pints.

BOSTON BUTTER MARKET.

There is a little more firmness to the market, and the trade are taking hold of good lots of Northern butter rather more readily. Prices are unaltered, but sellers are firm at the rates quoted below. We quote Western made butter from 18@22c per lb, and something choice will sell for 23c per lb. Fine Western creameries sells at 30@33c, straight dairies at 22@23c, and the best lots of fall butter will not bring over 25@26c. Western ladle-packed sells at 17@23c; and something fancy will bring a little more. Common butter ranges from 12@15c.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

The sale of a thousand boxes to a New York buyer, for export, at 14¼c, has stiffened up the market here, and the best factories are strong at 13c. We quote fine factory at 14¼@15c per lb; good do at 13@14c, and common to fair at 12@13c

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

Market dull at 20c for fresh lots of Eastern, and 17@18c for Western and Southern.

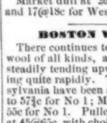
BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

There continues to be a very active market for wool of all kinds, and prices are gradually but steadily tending upward, with stocks disappearing quite rapidly. The sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania have been at 52@55c for X and XX up to 57½c for No 1; Michigan at 50@52c for X and 55c for No 1. Pulled wools have been in demand at 40@65c, with choice Eastern and Maine supers selling at latter rate, which is the highest price obtained for a long time. Unwashed wools have been in demand at 30@45c for all grades and considerable foreign wool has been sold at very full prices.

New Advertisements.

Southdown Buck for Sale.

A big Southdown Buck for sale, not a year old until last of March, weighs over 150 pounds. Sample of his wool sent to any address on receipt of 3c. stamp. Address JESSE S. ROWELL, East Kingston, N. H. feb14-1t*



The most complete assortment in the West. A particularly fine lot of *Standard Pear Trees.* Fullstock of *Apple, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Quince, etc.* A select lot of *Grapes, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Currants, Strawberries, etc., etc.* Also a large stock of

EVERGREENS

both common and NEW AND RARE, at bottom prices. *Deciduous Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Roses, etc., etc.* Large lot of *Greenhouse Plants.* Trade and Greenhouse Catalogue free. Descriptive Circular, 10 cts. 27th Year. 400 Acres. 15 Greenhouses.

STORRS, HARRISON & CO.,
PAINESVILLE, LAKE CO., OHIO. feb14-eow2t

AGENTS WANTED for the richly illustrated and only complete and authentic history of the great tour of GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

It describes Royal Palaces, Rare Curiosities, Wealth and Wonders of the Indies, China, Japan, etc. A million people want it. This is the best chance of your life to make money. Beware of "cheap" imitations. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. feb14-eow-2t

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Very popular books in England, and rapidly becoming so in this country. They are not property Primers, but instruction Books, with practical treatises on the instruments, and abundant picture and musical illustrations, a history of the organ, etc. Valuable books for any one interested in music.

WHITE ROBES, (30 cts). Unexcelled as a Sunday School Song Book.

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AMERICAN ANTHEM ($1.35, or $12 per doz.) Contains enough easy Anthems of fine quality, to provide one per Sunday for two years. Compiled by A. N. JOHNSON, J. H. TENNEY and A. J. ABBEY.

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The WEEKLY MUSICAL RECORD gives nearly 30 pages of good music per month. $2 per year.

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The Only Remedy
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THE BOWELS,
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This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches? Why tormented with Piles, Constipation? Why frightened over disordered Kidneys? Why endure nervous or sick headaches? Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.

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OUR FERTILIZER contains all the chemicals that are required for

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thus making it

COMPLETE FOR ALL CROPS.

Having been well tested with all

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it is found equal to any of them, and in many cases is sold at a much less cost.

TRY THEM

and prove these facts to your own satisfaction.

Send for our new Circular of 1880.

For sale by Messrs. *PARKER & GANNETT, WHITTEMORE BROS., JOS. BRUCE & SONS, and HOVEY & CO.*, Boston, Mass.; *WM. E. BARRETT & CO.*, Providence, R. I., and at the principal Agricultural Warehouses in New England.

Address the Manufacturers,

L. B. DARLING & CO.,
feb14-17t PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Farm for Sale.

Situated in the westerly part of Marlboro, about two miles from the centre of the town, in an excellent neighborhood, handy to schools, and containing about one hundred and thirty acres, suitably divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland. A LARGE TWO-STORY HOUSE, nearly new, and in excellent condition, containing eleven rooms, newly painted and blinded throughout. A GOOD BARN, 60 by 35 feet, wood-shed, tool-house, piggery, carriage-house and granary all connected. Sixty acres of the land lie immediately contiguous to the house, and are well supplied with apple, peach and pear trees, grape vines, etc. This part of the estate contains several acres of woodland, and cuts hay enough to keep twenty head of cattle and the hay can be cut by machine. Both the house and barn are supplied with never failing water.

There are FIFTY ACRES in one outlying lot only a short distance from the house, on which there is now about Three Hundred Cords of Young Wood, though the larger part of it is excellent pasturage. The whole farm, including two other outlying lots, will be sold together, or either lot separate. The owners having made a change in their business, this property must be sold before March 15th, 1880. For terms or any further particulars, apply to E. R. & E. E. BOND, on the premises, or C. F. MORSE, Auctioneer, Corey Block, Marlboro, Mass. feb14-2t

Royal Lowrie's

LAST YEAR AT ST. OLAVE'S. By MAGNUS MERRIWEATHER, author of "Royal Lowrie." 16mo. Illus. $1.25.

The pure, elevated, and bright spirit of the book is charming and most helpful.

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A SURE CURE for all the diseases for which it is recommended, and always perfectly safe in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

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STANDARD SEEDS of STERLING MERIT only.

SEEDS FOR HOT BEDS,
SEEDS FOR THE GARDEN,
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We keep our STOCK complete with CHOICEST, BEST, and most approved SORTS in CULTIVATION.

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SEEDS for trial in Hot Beds, Free on application, before giving orders, if desired.
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THE MARVELLOUS ORGUINETTE.

An Automatic Cabinet Organ for $8.

Playing every tune that has ever been written, with all the melody and expression of a first-class organ. THE PRINCIPLE of an Orguinette is the pasning of perforated paper over organ reeds, the perforations being of different lengths and regulating the duration of the notes accordingly. The perforation coming opposite the note or reed allows the air to pass through, causing it to "speak" exactly as pressing the key of an organ does; but, with the Orguinette a false note or imperfect time is impossible, and such a tune as "Listen to the Mocking Bird" is played in a manner that few organists approach. The reeds are exactly the same as in a $300 cabinet organ, and consequently the quality of the music is A No. 1. Three powerful exhaust bellows furnish the wind, and propel the airly or perforated paper at the required, and a child can produce the sublime music of the great tone fiend. Two rolls of music have been prepared on the paper as it passes along. It will take the place, perfectly, of a 4 piece orchestra, and will cause as much enjoyment as the most expensive musical instrument that has ever been made, and should be found in every home in the land. It will give more GENUINE ENJOYMENT than hundreds of dollars expended in any other direction. The music is very inexpensive, costing only 25 cts. per foot, and a tune averages from 5 to 4 feet. PRICES: Style A, represented by above cut but without rollers, only $8; Style C, with rollers, $14. The rollers allow the tunes to be attached to each other, and placed in a continuous manner, saving any break. This instrument is solid black walnut and maple, with panels, &c., ornamented, and gilt trimmings, and are very handsome and elegant in appearance. Either style sent to any address by express or freight (boxed free) on receipt of price. Several popular tunes (your own selection if desired) and the price of hundreds of others goes with each instrument. Address The Massachusetts Organ Co., 46 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. Over five thousand testimonials have been received. feb14-1t

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Two Farms for Sale
IN STOW, MASS.

One of the most productive farms of its size in town, containing about sixty acres with first rate buildings; great quantity of fruit trees, consisting of apples, pears, cherry and small fruit; 600 barrels apples picked in 1877. No. 2, in 1879; pleasantly situated within ten minutes walk of the centre of the town, where there is a store, postoffice and free high school and church. Also one small farm containing about twenty-five acres, with new buildings and first rate soil and nearer the centre of the town, than the above. Any further information may be had by applying to NELSON B. BROWN, 75 Hawley street, Boston, or the proprietor, WM. H. BROWN, Stow, Mass.

Stow, January 26th, 1880. jan24-tf

Marblehead Seed Farm to Let.

The large Seed Farm in Marblehead, occupied for the last twelve years by Hon. J. J. H. Gregory. The land is thorough drained, very fertile and under the best and highest cultivation. This Farm has won more Society Premiums for crops than any other in Essex County. Apply to ISAAC C. WYMAN, No. 25 School Street, Office R., Boston, Mass., or at Forest River, Salem. nov15-tf

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A MAN from 21 to 35 years of age, who is a good milker, understands the care and driving of horses, oxen and all other farm work. Farm 20 miles from Boston.

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To Farmers.

FARM LABORERS AND BOYS. Farmers may be obtained without expense on application to the INDUSTRIAL AID SOCIETY, City Building, Chardon Street, or by letter addressed to EDW. WINSLOW, General Agent. feb7-13t

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SNOW & CO.,
No. 21 North Market Street, Boston,
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BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME

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SPRING WHEAT. WHITE RUSSIAN (lately imported,) the best and most prolific variety grown 52 bushels per acre was grown in Vermont last season. Price by mail 30 cents per lb. By express $1 00 per peck. Send for descriptive circular.

CHARLES DOLE, Northfield, Vt. feb7-13t

Holstein Stock for Sale.

A few young bulls, less than one year old; also a few yearling heifers, from Wm. A. Russell's Imported Thoroughbred herd.

For particulars address JAMES C. POOR, Manager, North Andover Depot, Mass. jan31-tf

For Sale.

HIGH CLASS BERKSHIRE PIGS from the best strains and imported stock. Young Boars fit for service. The public are cordially invited to inspect the stock.

Winning Farm, Billerica, Mass. JOHN M. BAILEY, Proprietors. A. A. SOUTHWICK, Manager. nov15-tf

PRODUCE.

SNOW & CO.,
No. 21 North Market Street, Boston,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

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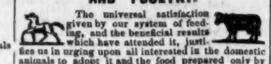
THE OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL FOOD,
FOR
HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE AND POULTRY.



The universal satisfaction given by our system of feeding, and the beneficial results which have attended it, justifies us in urging upon all interested in the domestic animals to adopt it and the food prepared only by the

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL FOOD COMPANY,

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1st. It eradicates all humors that may be in the animal and keeps the blood in as healthy condition.

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5th. It prevents any attack of colic. A horse subject to colic will be relieved by a pint mixed with the water given him.

6th. It causes cows to yield more and richer milk without the least injury to the animal.

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9th. It is particularly beneficial for stall fed animals, when ordinary fodder is running short, as mixed with it not so much fodder is necessary.

10th. Fed constantly, as we direct, a practical gain of from thirty to fifty per cent is realized in the nutrition which the animal derives from its food.

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CAUTION.—This "Food" must not be confounded with other so called "Feeds" which have been concocted during the last year or two out of the brains of unreliable salesmen.

Prices—Horses and Cattle Food.

In bag containing 100 Feeds..... $7.

The Poet's Corner.

NOTHING NEW.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

From the dawn of spring till the years grow hoary,
Nothing is new that is done or said,
The leaves are telling the same old story—
"Budding, bursting, dying, dead."
And ever and always the wild wind's chorus
Is "coming, building, flying, fled."
Never the round earth roams or ranges
Out of her circuit, so old, so old;
And the smile o' the sun knows but these changes—
Beaming, barning, tender, cold,
As spring-time softens or winter estranges
The mighty heart of this orb of gold.
From our great-sires' birth to the last morn's breaking
There was tempest, sunshine, fruit and frost,
And the sea was calm, or the sea was shaking
His mighty mane like a lion crossed,
And ever this cry the heart was making—
Longing, loving, losing, lost.
Forever the wild wind wanders, crying,
Southerly, easterly, north and west;
And one worn song the fields are sighing,
"Sowing, growing, harvest, rest,"
And the tired thought of the world, replying
Like an echo to what is last and best,
Murmurs—"Rest."

Ladies' Department.

A NIGHT IN AN AVALANCHE.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

It was curious enough how I came to see an avalanche. We don't have many of them in our country, I believe; at least, they never fall near to the highways and country villages, seemingly for the accommodation of sight-seers, as they do at the Wengern Alp, and in a hundred other places of Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Contrary to all arrangements and expectations of the dear old uncle who had reared me, I had not got further along in life than to a third-class clerkship in the state department at Washington, and this only because I could write a fine hand, and made fancy capitals, said my disappointed uncle.

I believe uncle was thoroughly ashamed of my getting into the department at all. He would a hundred times over have preferred that I had been a common farmer. But when the hard times came, and when the hard times got harder, and the old farm, going under a mortgage, was only rescued by my savings as a third-class clerk, uncle sank his shame in his gratitude, and my fancy writing was ridiculed no longer. A little good penmanship had kept my uncle out of the poorhouse. It did something for me, too, later.

Still, it was weary enough for me at last, reading and copying endless dispatches of the chief clerk to our consuls in Europe, and all that without any apparent hope of ever becoming chief clerk myself. One day I was copying a dispatch of the secretary to the consul at Z——. It was to the effect that from that day on he would, in accordance with his request, be allowed $1,000 a year for clerk hire. "He will want a clerk then, of course," I said to myself, "and if I could secure the situation, I might be happy still." I whistled meditatively. I would see Europe at least, and that would be a change; anyway, I would be no longer liable to become a fixture as a third-class clerk in the department. I didn't want promotion so much as I wanted a change. I got the latter, as the sequel will show. That evening the dispatch of the department, copied in my best hand, left for Europe, accompanied by a private note of my own to the consul. As a specimen of my writing, I referred to the inclosed dispatch, and informed the consul that I could speak the German language, having learned it evenings, during my stay in Washington. Perhaps the last remark, and not my fine writing, settled the business. Clerks who can speak foreign languages are in demand with our consuls.

In six weeks from that day I had peeped into the great cities of London, Paris and Brussels, and was now standing at the clerk's desk of the American consulate at Z——.

The business was not burdensome. With the office open but five hours a day, we were happy. I had beautiful times—so did the consul.

What wonderfully various duties consuls have to perform in these five hours, though. What a combination of *pater* and *mater familias* the consul is! Though never severe, his work is as multifarious as are the characters of a thousand tourists. His office is the grand depot of all strange things. The consulate at Z—— was no exception to the rule. It was the receptacle of everything, from a dainty love-letter with a lock of hair, to wills of invalids and Saratoga trunks. Everybody called there, many "loafed" there, and one poor melancholy tramp claimed the immortal privilege of hanging himself in the consul's wood house—just to be under the flag, as it were.

Tourists and tramps, however, are not alone in furnishing the consul with the spiced variety of life. Uncle Sam contributes his mite occasionally.

Among the Washington letters last winter was one from our worthy commissioner of pensions, asking the consul to investigate, and furnish evidence that certain widows and minor daughters of United States pensioners living in his district had not married, and thus forfeited their claim to further aid from the government. It was easy enough to secure this evidence in most cases. Those living near the city were invited to call at the consulate, and it was sometimes a matter of sly pleasure to the consul and myself to listen to the embarrassed confessions of pretty widows that Cupid had never cast his net a second time for them. But there was one pensioner from whom repeated official notes, written in good German, and with my finest flourish of capitals, brought no message, pro or con.

Pensioner No. 1,004 seemed to feel that Uncle Sam had no right to ask so indelicate a question.

All the certificates, except 1,004, were indorsed, and ready to be returned. "This pensioner," said the consul to his chief clerk one morning, "is probably dead or married, and I am determined to find out which. It is not so wonderfully far from here to the village of Bleiberg, and if you have an inclination, you may take the next train and go there. Come back by Saturday, and, of course, make the expenses as trifling as you can."

I had long wished for a stroll of some sort into the magnificent valleys of the Corinthian Alps, and here seemed my opportunity.

I can't say that the cars whizzed me very suddenly away to the pretty town of Bleiberg, for in fact the trains whiz dreadfully slow in the Tyrol. I was twenty-five miles still from Bleiberg when I transferred my hand valise and myself from a second-class railway car into a first-class mountain diligence.

It was a wonderfully beautiful valley I was to ascend to Bleiberg. There are no finer mountain prospects anywhere. It seems to me sometimes that the ornamental work of the creation has been expended on Switzerland and the Tyrol.

Usually, when in the mountains, I pay the diligence conductor a franc *pourboire*, and ride outside with the driver, or up in the imperial, perched like a leather bonnet on the top of the vehicle. I determined fully to do so this time.

How capricious is the mind of man, I reflected, on entering the little station, and seeing a young lady in a velvet jacket and gray kids buy inside coupe No. 1 for Bleiberg. In a minute and a half I had changed my mind, and was the owner of coupe ticket No. 2, and yet the weather had not changed, the sun shone as warmly as ever, and the mountains, right and left, were as magnificent as five minutes before, when I had told the conductor I would share his outside perch with him.

The velvet jacket, though fitting closely to a neat form, I didn't mind so much; but gray kids on a pair of pretty hands inside a diligence coupe, slowly ascending a romantic mountain valley on a charming spring day, were simply irresistible.

I helped my travelling companion to her seat, fixed the baggage into the big box behind, and then proceeded naturally enough, to occupy inside seat No. 2. There was but one passenger besides myself. I was never in this world accused of being a flirt or a gallant; but I submit to my bachelor readers if there is anything extraordinary in the fact that in twenty minutes the two occupants of that mountain dilligence were tolerably acquainted.

We spoke, of course, in German. We noted the green gelds at the edge of snow-banks, the singular costumes of the men passing us, and who hailed us with a "God greet you!" as they tipped their broad-brimmed hat. We thought, too, how chilly they must be, even on a day like this, with their open red jackets, breeches only to the knee, and stockings only to the ankle. Still more interesting to us were the women, trudging along in their short black petticoats and dove-gray stockings, though the muddy roads sometimes interfered with an exact discrimination in the shades. What struck us both as very singular, however, was the great similarity of our German accent. Miss Shelton—Miss Margot Shelton, to be more explicit—for I had seen her name on the ticket as I passed it to the conductor—was perfectly certain I was not a Swiss, much less an Austrian, and I was equally confident my fair companion was not a native of the Alps. Her German bore too strong an accent for that. I afterward learned she had thought my own a little curious. Once, just for the sport of the thing, I shouted something to the driver in English. How astonished I was to hear Miss Shelton add to it a phrase as English as my own! We held breath to explain, and in almost no time at all discovered that we were both Americans. Stranger discoveries followed—they always do. Miss Shelton's father had been a volunteer captain in our army, and I myself had been within rifle-shot of him when he fell at Vicksburg.

Her mother, a native of Bleiberg, took this only daughter and returned to her old home, stopping at the solicitations of friends first for months, and now it had been years. In a moment I recalled what had been puzzling me for an hour. I had seen the name Shelton before somewhere.

Who was pensioner 1004 but Elsie Shelton—why had I not thought of that?—wife of Captain Shelton, killed at Vicksburg in June, 1863. How extremely singular! we both exclaimed, Mrs. Elsie Shelton, I was soon informed, was not remarried.

The object of my journey was accomplished. I might return home at once. I did not, however. Besides, Miss Shelton insisted that I should go on and visit pretty Bleiberg, her mother, and *herself*. I was easily persuaded.

Why had the consul's letter not been answered?" I asked, as we made a turn in the road. "Oh," said Miss Shelton, "mother and I were both coming next week to Z——, to visit a relative there, and so she proposed answering in person. Besides, she is not so poor that she cares dreadfully whether Uncle Sam stops the ten dollars or so a month or not. She always gives half of it to the postmaster's children, and the rest to me for pin-money. Why, do you know, I bought these very gloves with some of that money at Innsbruck only two days ago; and here the pretty hands and gray kid gloves nestled coquettishly on her lap. By this time the church steeple of Bleiberg was in sight, and in an hour the driver blew a shrill note or so on his horn, the villagers hastened to the windows of the houses as four panting ponies passed on a gallop, and the little old postmaster lifted his blue hat and gave us a salute all round. Mrs. Shelton was living with a friend, then absent, in a substantial two-story stone house not far from the post.

"This is Mr. ——," said Miss Shelton laughing, as she presented me to her mother, "a real American; and just think, he has come to ask, mamma, if you are married." The good-looking, embarassed little widow soon unraveled the nonsense with which Miss Margot was seeking to overwhelm us, and I was welcomed not only as an American, but as one of the "boys in blue" who had been with Grant in Vicksburg.

When the dinner was over, I strolled out through one of the loveliest situated villages of the Alps. The view down the valley we had just ascended was enchanting. Behind the pretty town, and edged by a green meadow sloping upward, was a forest of tall dark firs, and above this an alp, angling up the side of a steep mountain, known to all tourists as the "Rigi" of the Kernthal.

It was only the 25th of February, but the sun seemed as warm as in midsummer. The grass so wonderfully green, was high enough for pasture, and violets and daisies peeped out everywhere.

It was "*dangerously* warm, in fact," muttered the little postmaster in the blue cap, as I handed him a letter to post to the consul at Z——, saying everything was well, but I couldn't possibly be back on Saturday —"dangerously warm, because there had not been so much snow in the mountains in fifty years as now, and already people began to hear of avalanches falling out of season."

Bleiberg, however, is safe enough, I thought to myself, as I glanced up the sides of the old peak, where, sure enough, there were oceans of snow and ice glistening in the sunshine. But it was a mile away, and between pretty Bleiberg and it, swept, like a dark veil, the forest of tall trees, echoing the notes of music from the lofty rocks; the seeming diminutiveness of everything—of the men, of the thread-like roads, of even the houses and trees, as seen under the shadow of the towering mountains—all added impressiveness to the thing.

There were possibly a hundred persons in the procession, with a score of boys following at the sides, and all the villagers looking on. I don't know why it was, but somehow they seemed less joyous than I had seen the peasants at other village carnivals. Was it the unusual heat, or was there in their minds some flitting presentiment of evil? Some of these old men had had experiences—sad enough doubtless—of the unexpected dangers to life in these high valleys. I recall now a sort of uneasiness I noticed on the faces of those nearest us, and, as I thought, an occasion I glancing over our house at the great mountain behind. In some mysterious way there was uncanny intercommunication itself to us also. Avalanches, however, give no signs of approaching, no warning. They are as unexpected, as sudden, as earthquakes, and sometimes lightning is not much more rapid in its work. When a million tons of ice and snow slip from the side of a mountain, they are not long in reaching the bottom.

The gay procession moved on. The music and the laughter grew merrier. Even the little postmaster in the blue cap was engaged in a loud guffaw at a clown marching on stilts. I had filled my pockets with bonbons at the post, and we were throwing them to the boys and girls in the procession.

Suddenly the music ceased; there was an awful whizzing in the air; a cry of "Avalanche!" "Avalanche!" and an instant roaring and cracking, as of falling forests. In ten short seconds an awful flood of snow, mangled trees, ice and stones passed the house, like the swell of a mighty sea. Everything shook. The procession disappeared as if ingulfed by an earthquake. Houses, right and left, tumbled over, and were buried in one single instant. The air, cooled for a moment, and again hot, was rent with the screams of the mangled. An awful catastrophe had befallen us; the wrath of the mountains was upon the village. For a moment we stood paralyzed—speechless. *We* had been saved.

My first impulse was to rush to the street, and to drag my companion with me; but there was no street. Even the garden had disappeared in a foam of snow and ice. We thought of the back window at the embankment, but as we tore it open, a single glance toward the mountain told us the horror was but begun. "The forest!" we all shouted in a breath. It was gone, all gone, as if mown by a mighty reaper, the masses of other snow seemed ready to slide. The white brow of the mountain still gleamed in the sunshine, and seemed to laugh at the desolation. Another whizzing, a roar, and with our own eyes we saw the side of the mountain start. Instantly and together we sprang down the steps into the lower room There was a roll of thunder, a mighty crash, and then all was darkness. We were buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am unable to recall. I only remember our fearful cries for help; how we shouted separately, and then united on one word, crying together again and again, our only answer the silence of the grave.

Every soul in the village, probably, had been killed, or, like ourselves, had been buried beneath the snow and ice of the mountain. It was only after we had exhausted ourselves with vain cries for help that we meditating on helping ourselves. We had not been injured. We remembered that we were in the little sitting room down stairs, the windows only of which seemed broken in, and filled with snow, ice and stones. The stairway was also filled with snow and the debris of the crushed walls. Above us all was desolation.

How deep the avalanche lay across us we feared even to conjecture. As is my custom when in the Alps, I had a flask in my pocket of the best brandy. I persuaded my companions to drink, and drank myself until the last drop disappeared. Possibly it gave us courage.

The furniture in the room seemed all in its proper place. We could move about, but it was becoming terribly cold, and we felt the sleepy chill, that dreadful precursor of death by freezing, overcoming us. Once we were certain we heard voices above us, and again we shouted to try to tell them we were still alive. We listened; the voices were gone—we were abandoned to our fate.

For hours we had alternately shouted and listened, until we sank down in despair. It must have been midnight when, in our gropings about the little chamber, our hands came on a wax candle. In a few moments we had light—*light to die by.*

It would have been a strange sight for an artist—that buried room, with the dim light, the windows filled with snow, and the three inmates there waiting death. Once I attempted to encourage my companions, then myself hopeless, by telling of people who had been dug out of avalanches safe and well; but my words brought only groans. Hours went by. I don't know whether we were sleeping or freezing, when I started at hearing a voice cry, "A light! a light!"—I sprang to my feet, and again the voice cried, "A light!" In ten minutes three half-frozen, half-insane human beings were tenderly lifted from the grave into the gray light of the morning. A hundred noble souls had labored the long night thro', seeking the buried.

Every man and woman, from every village in the whole valley, had hurried to the scene, and was straining every nerve to rescue those to whom life might still be clinging. We were among the last taken from the snow and rocks, which had lain upon us thirty feet in depth. Did those brave rescuers wonder that we knelt to them, and kissed the hems of their ragged garments?

Beautiful Bleiberg is no more. Half of those whom we saw dancing along in the procession of the carnival, in the bright sunshine, sleep among the violets on the hillside. The snow, and the ice, and the black bowlders from the mountain, and the dark fur-tree, still lie, in this early summer of 1879, in one mass in the valley. We all left as soon as we could travel. I went home to Z——.

My chief has resigned, and I am now acting consul in his place. Should the senate confirm all the new appointments, I expect to remain as consul. Miss Shelton thinks also of remaining, and when Americans wander to Z—— they will find the latch-string of our home at the consulate on the outside of the door.

One word and I am done. Mrs. Shelton has lost a part of her pension—so much of it as was allowed for a minor daughter. I have so reported it to the commissioner at Washington.—*Harper's.*

THE MAIN BRIDGE.

[Selected.]

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone bridge which crossed the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement, when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time another man, advanced in years, was coming toward him from Sachenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path and went toward the parapet from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"What is that to you?"

"I was going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. For many years I have not made a request of any human being; do not refuse me this one, which must be my last."

The young man held out his hand. His companion took it. He continued with enthusiasm: "So be it; arm in arm. I do not ask who you are, good or bad—come, let us drown."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in such a hurry to end his existence, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

"Stop, sir," said he, while his weary eyes tried to examine the features of his companion. "Stop, sir. You seem to me to be too young to leave life in this way; for a man of your years life must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects! In the midst of rottenness and decay, vice and corruption? Come, let us end it!"

"And so young! Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming to you. Seek them and you are sure to find them."

"Well, if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised that you wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor, old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him. To allow this longer I must be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the other, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

"And with what patience, what sweetness and love, what perseverence! I see her making under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has a word of love for her father."

"And you commit suicide! Are you mad?"

"Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you must have supper with me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history, and I will tell you mine. There is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich man; your daughter will no longer have to work, and shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes they were seated at a table in the tavern, with refreshments before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed by viands, the old man began thus:

"My history is soon told. I was a mercantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my account. I took a situation as bookkeeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife, an angel of love, kindness and fondness, was good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter a true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old and useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live, and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life in order to preserve that of my dear Bertha."

"You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man. "What you call misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured. To-morrow I shall make my will, and you shall be the heir to my possessions, and to-morrow night I shall take the leap from the Main bridge alone. But before I leave this world I must see Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy of the name of human being."

"Sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?" said the old man, moved with compassion.

"I am the only son of one of the richest men in Frankfort. My father died five years ago and left me heir to an immense fortune. From that moment every one that has come in contact with me has endeavored to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence and confiding. My education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. My friends, to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fine accomplishments. I adored her with enthusiasm, and love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men besides to her triumphal chariot. I broke the engagement and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet, innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved. She had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished I sought diversion in travel. Everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved this night to put an end to the pitiable farce."

"Unfortunate young man," said the other with tears of sympathy, "I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and daughter who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other."

"Give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow. Also give me your word of honor that you will not inform her, or insinuate in any manner, that I am a rich man." The old man held out his hand.

"I give you my word. I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is William Schmidt, and there is my address," giving him at the same time a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

"And my name is Karl Traft. I am the son of Anton Traft. Take these bank notes, but only on one condition, that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again."

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a blonde about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was clean and tasteful. The girl's whole dress would not have brought many kreutzers, but every article fitted her as well as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue. The spirit of order, modesty and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one noble born, her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lightened with joy. She listened and doubt seemed to shadow her brow. Then there came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say "Come in." A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room and made a low and awkward bow.

"I beg pardon, miss," said he, "does Herr Schmidt live here?"

"Yes, sir; what is your pleasure?"

"Are you his daughter, Bertha?"

"I am."

"Then it is you that I seek. I am from your father."

"Then for heaven sake, where is he?" Something must have happened—he has stayed away all night."

"The misfortune is not very great.

"Oh, my poor, poor father! What shall I hear?"

The young man seemed to observe these visible marks of anxiety with great interest. He said:

"Do not be frightened; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night with an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had supper together, but when the landlord came for the bill your father's friend had decamped and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this, and now the host will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that until he gets his money he will send him to prison."

"To prison!" exclaimed the girl. "Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?"

"Three florins and a half."

"Oh, God!" sighed the girl. "All I have does not amount to more than one florin, but I will go at once to Madame Berg and beg of her to advance me the money."

"Who is Madame Berg?"

The milliner for whom I work.

"But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?"

The girl burst into tears.

"I am afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard."

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?"

The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me."

"Well, my father is very weak, and requires strengthening. I borrowed the money to get a quarter of a fowl for him."

"Under these circumstances I fear Madame Berg will not give you any. I possess nothing. Have you any valuables more? Here is one florin, but that is all upon which we could raise some money."

Bertha considered for a moment.

"I have nothing," said she at length, "but my poor mother's prayer book. On her dead bed she entreated me not to part with it and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory, and the promise I gave her; but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With trembling hand she took the book down from the shelf. "O, sir," she said, "during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writings they are; you will promise me that?"

"Certainly, Bertha. I will take care that your secrets are not profaned. But now get ready, that we may go."

While she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl Traft (for the young man who was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They went first to Madame Berg, who did not have the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. Traft valued higher than the money he asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

"But if you spend all that money today," remark d the young man 'on what will you live to-morrow?"

"I do not know, but I trust in God." I shall work the whole night through."

When they went to the tavern the young man went first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms and press him to her heart.

She paid the bill and triumphantly led him home. Traft accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get something to eat. It was late before Traft went home that night, but the leap from the Main bridge was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha; "Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed and cast her eyes to the ground.

A few days after the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When then came out man and wife an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

"Come," said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word the three were seated in the carriage driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated for them in the most costly manner.

"This is your mistress," said Traft to the servants, "and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he then, turning to Bertha, "I am Karl Traft, one of the wealthiest men of this city."

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Would'st thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled;
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear—
Valentine: the name is good,
For it comes of lineage high
And a famous family,
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood, and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.

Valentine: I know the name,
Many martyrs bear the same,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,
Who before and for them bled,
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame.

Yes, there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear;
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Guerdon gained and warfare o'er.
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the bestific Sun
In Jerusalem above.
Valentine is every one:
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

[London Truth.]

A very foolish discussion has been going on in my daily contemporaries on the danger of riding-habits in case of a fall. At present the skirts of the riding-habits are so short and are cut so close that they are not more dangerous to a lady than if she were arrayed in top-boots. A lady on horseback has a better seat than a man. The third pommel gives her a firmer grip of the saddle and is in no way dangerous in case of a fall. It is suggested that the seam down the side of the skirt should be cut open and fastened with buttons. But this would render a fall far more liable to danger, for while the leg would come out of the pommel the skirt of the habit might catch. With the present fashion of short, close habits, it is almost impossible for a lady to be dragged in case of a fall by the habit hanging to the saddle, as was the case in the days of full, long habits. In any case, how would reformers have ladies be dressed when on horseback if they are not to wear habits? In breeches and top boots?

REBECCA'S RIDE.

BY EMMA HARRIMAN.

[Springfield Sunday Republican.]

She was positively homely; her most devoted friend could not help admitting the fact; and yet few thought of it after they had had a little acquaintance with her. Her father had been a rich man; she never said so, but we all knew it. He was not so now, however; he had had a rascally partner, who had stolen—embezzled, I suppose I should say; but they did not say so then—half his available funds just before the crash of '57, and gone—where the bank presidents go. The crisis came and he went down. He had been a man of influence; his word had been of weight. He had counted his money by the thousands and had given our State the lands for one of the first of its present institutions. Now he was a poor man. There was a little here and there of his property still left; but he could not build up another fortune; his spirit was crushed.

He left the city, since grown to be such a prosperous one, and built him a little house in the Big Woods, where he owned some land. It was a beautiful place on the bank of the Mississippi, in a triangle formed by a small river flowing into the large one. The New York *Herald* man went by there a few years ago, when he made his trip to the Gulf in his paper boat. They could plainly see his face as he passed, and wondered who he was, for the mail reached them but once a week then and they had not heard. Indians paddled by in their birch canoes many a time, and great rafts of logs went down from the prairies; and the lumbermen tied their "waumguns," or flat boats, to the shore and came up to the house for a spool of thread or a dozen buttons, for they kept a little store—a very little one, there were so few to buy. The mother did her best to keep along; she was a brave little woman, and now she had two burdens to bear—her own and her husband's.

But there were hard times sometimes, and when Rebecca could, she began to teach and help a little. It was hard for her, with all the possibilities there had been for her only a few years before, to shut herself up in a little log schoolhouse and teach a few children from the families of the farmers and lumbermen; but she never said it was hard I think no one ever heard her complain as she went courageously to work, day after day. There is many a Spartan alive to-day, though we do not call them that. She had one brother; just one left; all the others had died. And he was so near her age, and her dear companion! He would soon be able to earn a great deal and he would build up the old fortune.

They rowed their boats up the river together; they cantered through the woods on their ponies side by side, with the acorns dropping about them on the green leaves over their heads. They gathered wild grapes in the fall on the little island in the Mississippi, and shot partridges and fished day after day. They were all in all to each other. Brothers and sisters are so much, so very much, to each other when they are alone, as they were; no other friends—just each other; and that was enough. He grudged the time she was away from him. "You shan't work so when I am a man," he said. He was in his teens then, and so tall and straight and handsome! How proud she was of him!

It was winter and she had gone to her school. Day after day she worked away in the little room, with its great box stove full of wood, and so hot, for the pupils sitting near the windows and door complained of the cold and must have it so. She had gone farther from home than ever before. She was sorry for that, but she got more pay and that made her glad. She could do so much more for them all at home. She was quite contented and happy, when one day there came dreadful news to her. "Roddie" was sick. It was so terrible she could not endure it,—so very sick, too, what if he should die! She was so bewildered she could hardly realize it, but there was little time to think for she must begin her school for another day. When night came she could think, and she began to pack her trunk at once to go home, when suddenly the thought came, she must not go. There was the door to mend, and he came a long way and it cost a great deal, and besides, Roddie must have delicacies and there was no one but herself to buy them.

With a great effort she controlled herself, unpacked the few things she had unfolded, went out and told the people where she boarded that she had concluded not to go home, then went to her room and sobbed as if her heart would break. But she knew she was right, and wrote home a letter, so pathetic for its very keeping back of her grief, and presenting all the brightest spots there were in the dark picture, while her heart was ready to break. Then she worked and waited a whole week for a letter, and when it came he was no better. Another letter came with the same story, and then another, saying she had better come and see him, even if she could not stay. It cost so much to go, and he needed so many things, but she must see him, she told herself, and she would go without something to make up for it. So she went, closing her school for a little. How changed he was in these weeks, so pale and thin and so weak. He wanted her there with him, he could not let her go back, he said; she must stay with him, and he clung to her and sobbed in his weakness. How could she go, and he so very sick? She might never see him again, —and yet how could she stay? There were so many things he must have; the doctors mentioned this and that, which he must be supplied with, and they all cost so much, so very much, there. If she staid at home, who would buy them? No, she must go, though it broke her heart, for he might live if he had all these things.

So she went, with the sound of his sobs in her ears and the feeling of his arms about her neck, and I think a burden on her heart that has never wholly left it,—and she was only a girl, just a young girl in her teens who bore all this, like the daughter you pet and shield from all harm and care. She went back and worked on a few weeks more, half-starving for the weekly letter and half-dying of a sickening feeling of terror when it came, for it never brought her good news. One day she felt such an oppressed feeling all day long, she went about her work like one in a dream. They all knew at school, and were kind to her and felt sorry. Just as she left the door of her school-house at night, a sleigh drove up and stopped. She knew in an instant they had sent for her.

"Is he dead?" she gasped, before the man had said a word.

He looked at her white face with great pity for her and said, "No, Miss; but you had best make haste." She got in, and he drove her to her boarding-place and the woman there helped her on with her wraps and told her what she must wear, or I think she would have frozen, for it was bitter cold, but she did not know it.

He was just alive, the driver told the woman when Rebecca did not hear, but he had not told her. She had not asked. She knew it because they had sent for her, and she only thought of getting there before he was dead. They tucked the wolf-skin robe about her, the driver and the woman, and put hot bricks at her feet, and she kept urging them to let her be and start. The driver spoke to his team and they were off, and the woman went into her house sobbing, but Rebecca had not shed a tear.

Just alive and 60 miles to drive—there was no railroad, no telegraph. "Drive fast," she said once, and with a sort of gasp.

"Yes, Miss," answered the driver, "I'll do my best. It's our fastest team; them was our orders,—the fastest team and make good time."

"They sent for you, from home," she said.

"Yes, Miss; by the mail, to-day, when it come down from there. He started in the night so's to git us off sooner; 'twas bitter cold. He froze his feet."

"Poor fellow," she said. Even with all her own burden, she could be sorry for the stage driver who had suffered to do them a kindness.

This man had come only a few miles from the town to reach her and his team was fresh. He let them go all he dared, but, like a good driver, reserved his best speed for the last. Still they went rapidly, but it seemed to her as if they crept. The sun went down and the moon came up, round and bright. The stars shone as they only can shine on such cold, clear nights and the snow glistened and sparkled about them. The great trees rose up on each side of them and their large trunks cracked and snapped like pistols as they passed. On and on they went, hour after hour, and the man told her to keep up, that they could get through, and pulled out his watch, with great difficulty, from under his big overcoat, every now and then, to tell her what time it was and how far they had come, for he knew all the way. When they got on the last half, it seemed to her they were almost there, and then the road appeared to lengthen, for it seemed hours, though the driver told her it was not an hour since he had told her they were on that half. At last they were so near she knew the objects as they passed them. It was long past midnight; when they got there it would be morning.

The man urged his team on, though they were tired from the long drive. A white frost covered them like a blanket when he drove up to the door and the man's beard was frozen by the moisture from his breath to his big scarf.

Rebecca's mother heard the bells and met her at the door. A lamp was burning and Roddie, pale and thin, was talking.

"He wants you," said her mother, "he has been begging for you for an hour," and she was undoing her wraps as she spoke. "Warm your hands and go to him."

"I want Pet," he was saying, "why doesn't she come? She ought to have staid with me." "Pet," and he called her as well as he could in his weakness. That was what he had always called her. She went to him.

"Here I am, Roddie," she said, but he only murmured still more weakly, "I want Pet. Go and get Pet."

"I am Pet, Roddie, darling; don't you know me," she cried, and if her voice was so hoarse and unnatural that he never would have known it when he was well, is it any wonder? But he did not answer, or even look at her, only kept calling in that pitiful way for "Pet."

She gave it up at last, and sat beside him and held his hand, he let her do that, and waited.

That was all they could any of them do, now, and they had not long to wait. When the grey dawn came, and that was soon, he fell quietly asleep.

INEVITABLE.

BY MARION V. DUDLEY.

There's no need of your voice or your presence,
The moon does not bend to the sea,—
Be thou true, and the tides of my being
Resistless flow upward to thee.

Can an apple escape gravitation?
Do:s earth lift her hand for the fruit?
Be self-poised, and compel by attraction
What hides from a vulgar pursuit.

The invincible forces are patient,—
No magnet runs after the steel;
Let your will be supreme, and its potence
My life and my fortunes shall feel.

For the needle must dip to the pole-star,
The climate encircle its zone;
So the heart, through all times and conditions,
Must know and will worship its own.

—*Springfield Republican.*

Correspondence.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER LIV.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

ENGLAND—CONTINUED.

RIDE OUT FROM WINDSOR.

At 3.30 P. M. of this Thursday, June 13, we leave the castle gate, and negotiate for our team to Stoke Poges, a place of very uneuphoneous name, but classic and famed the civilized world over. Teams for hire are in abundance, and are with their drivers in waiting for employment. The appearance of a stranger, especially if an American, is a signal for an attack. We had long since learned the art of management of a case of the kind, at Montreal and Quebec in our own country, and there we became master of that, and the flank movement is, to appear to be in want of, or selecting anything *but* a team. One must work up clean alongside the boundary line of fact and truth, and the tendency is, to at times cross it, and get clean on the other side. When taking most notice, and doing best work of selecting, the yankee, to appearance, never did hire a team, and never will. To make the story short, we will say, that without a beating down as regards price; but to accommodate the driver, who was spoiling to carry us for $3.00,—when at first he, with all his fellows made a mistake, and asked $5.00,—we were at length seated in his team, and while the army of other drivers were retiring, crestfallen, we were being trundled in the nice team; a heavy English top buggy, top turned back,—and were being grandly transported through the pretty streets of Windsor, out among the fine gardens, and half metropolitan, half suburban scenery, on our way to Stoke. Never will be forgotten that inspiring ride, for all the way it was through very charming scenery. At times over broad thoroughfares, in which the refinement of a high civilization had for 500 years concentrated; then, into narrow lanes finely hedged on their sides, shaded by grand old elms, and ever fragrant lindens, sweet in their good foliage and new blossoms, and so on, and on, new scenes charming; the clear air invigorating; thoughts of "Old Englande" inspiring, we after the ride of three miles, are at one of the great seats of academical education; the famed

EATON SCHOOL,

as well known, and for centuries it has been,